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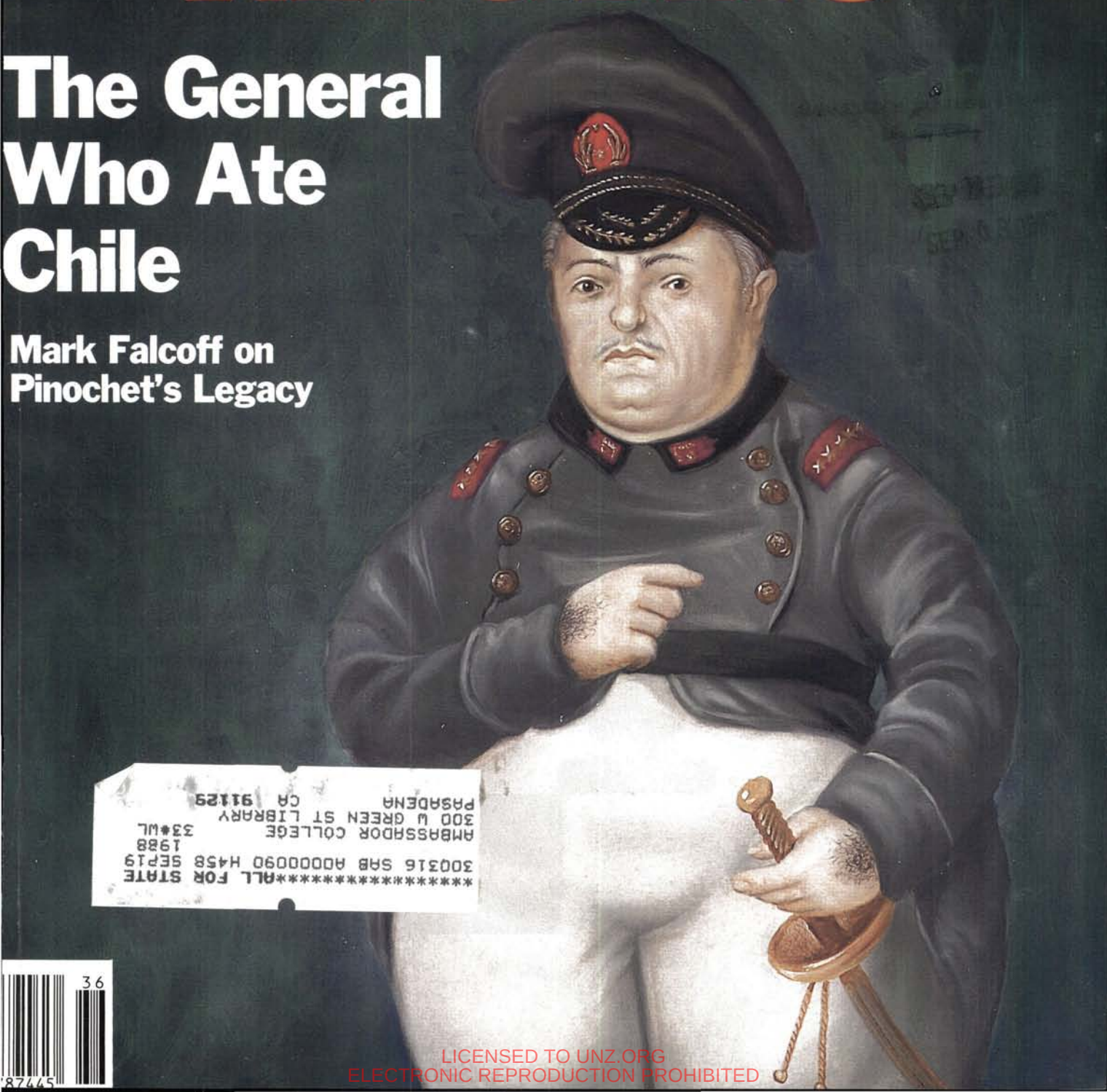

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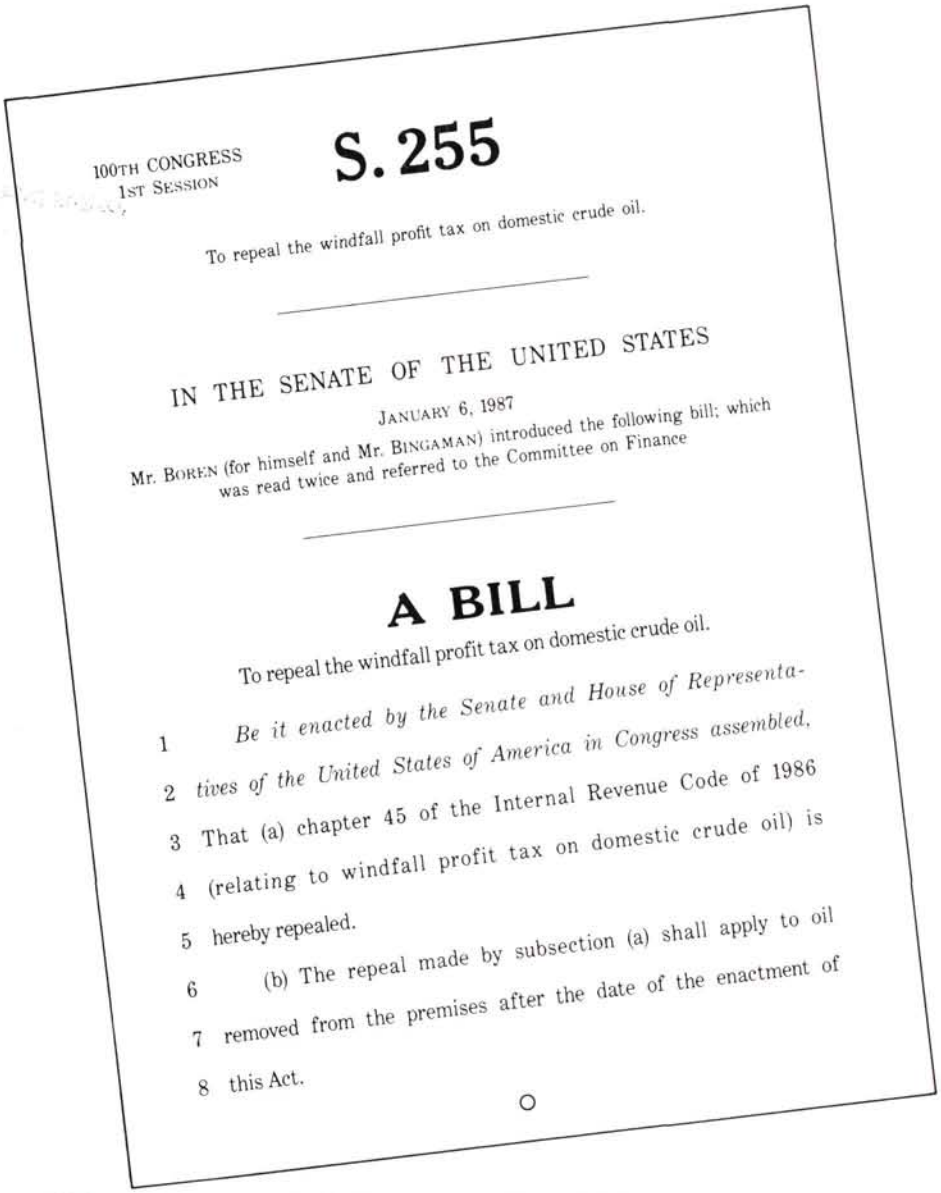

100TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

S. 255

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

JANUARY 6, 1987

Mr. BOREN (for himself and Mr. BINGAMAN) introduced the following bill; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Finance

A BILL

To repeal the windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That (a) chapter 45 of the Internal Revenue Code of 1986 (relating to windfall profit tax on domestic crude oil) is hereby repealed.

(b) The repeal made by subsection (a) shall apply to oil removed from the premises after the date of the enactment of this Act.

○

Since early 1986, the so-called windfall profit tax has been largely academic since oil prices were so low the tax produced no revenue. In fact, no revenues from this tax are in this or next year's federal budget. If oil prices continue to increase, we and other oil companies may eventually start paying such taxes on some of our oil. But whether it raises money for the federal coffers or not, the windfall profit tax should be repealed. Here's why:

- If, indeed, the government is worried about the U.S. becoming too dependent on imported oil and its effect on national security and the balance of payments, a special tax on domestically produced oil is the wrong way to go. Such a tax acts as a disincentive to exploring for and producing more oil in the U.S. at the precise moment when we should be increasing our capacity as much as we can.
- We've always referred to this impost as the "so-called" windfall profit tax because it isn't a tax on profits at all, but an excise tax on production. We've also wondered how a tax on oil not yet discovered can be a windfall. It is, pure and simple, a punitive tax levied on a single industry. It was enacted in an emotional, anti-oil environment for unjustifiable political reasons. Even worse, its very existence has a chilling effect on future investments in U.S. oil exploration and production.

It's time the tax were repealed. The bill shown above would do just that, and should be passed.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,790

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FROM WASHINGTON

THE GREAT COMMUNICATOR

(After reading Hugh Sidey's exclusive interview with President Reagan in Time *magazine, issue of August 24.)*

Just 3,359 years since his most recent press conference, Pharaoh Amenhotep III welcomed me into his tomb for an exclusive interview to discuss his impressive plans for the remaining millennia of his rule. The sharks and cynics who count Amenhotep out just because he has been dead for close to 34 centuries characteristically underestimate this man of rare vision and courage.

Amenhotep's tomb is an island of calm and quiet amid the hurly-burly of the modern world. Undisturbed now for most of recorded history, the Pharaoh has been able to lie entirely motionless, amid foot-thick layers of dust and dead insects, and take the opportunity to reflect on the larger issues of world peace and prosperity that far override the petty quotidian concerns of his critics.

In the early part of his reign, c. 1400 B.C., Amenhotep was widely acknowledged as the leader who had brought Egypt into its period of greatest splendor. More recently, there are those who charge that he has lost some of his old effectiveness, just because he is embalmed, wrapped in sheets from top to toe, and encased in a jewel-bedecked sarcophagus. I can testify, however, as the only journalist who has been let anywhere near him in more than a millennium, that this is a vile slander. Oh, perhaps the wrapping has frayed a bit, and mischief-makers seem to have made off with his head. But in all important respects, he is the same Amenhotep whom I first had the privilege of interviewing 500 years ago. (Who needs a head? I don't.)

And yet the constant braying of the jackals has taken its toll. The Pharaoh from whom words of inspiration once flowed like the Nile itself has grown hesitant, knowing that anything he says will be viciously misinterpreted. Indeed, during the course of our hour-and-a-half-long interview he failed to utter a single syllable. And yet his powers of communication remain so great, albeit not in words, that he still can deliver a more powerful message with the impassive face painted on the top of his coffin than anything contained in the endless verbiage of lesser politicians.

As always, Amenhotep is a stoic, unbowed by time or care. His confident belief in the rightness of his own course allows him to accept the calumnies of his enemies without feeling the need to respond. There was no hint of bitterness or anger in his voice as he graciously declined to answer all my questions.

"Tell me, O Great One," I asked the Pharaoh, clinging to his knees in my customary posture of reverence. "Are the dark days of inquisition over? Have the people at long last put behind them the bilious charges of your persecutors? Don't debase yourself by answering in words, O God-King. Just knock three times on the top of your sarcophagus if you disagree that, at this extraordinary moment in the history of your reign, it's time to move on to the agenda of the future."

The silence was eloquent.

Some observers have contended that in light of the destruction of Egyptian civilization and the growing criticism of practices such as slavery, polytheism, and human sacrifice, it was a failure of vision and leadership for Amenhotep to have spent the past 3,000 years buried under hundreds of feet of solid rock with his eyes covered by precious stones. Does he not have an obligation to answer the charges of his critics? Did he, for that matter, even listen to some of the recent inquiries into the practices of his reign? Amenhotep's wise open-eyed smile made the obvious response to such carping: although he was aware of complaints, as earthly representative of the sun-god Ra he could not allow such matters to distract him from his essential Pharaonic responsibilities. He therefore has been determined throughout this crisis to maintain his daily schedule of lying perfectly still and doing absolutely nothing.

As my audience drew to a close, I decided I had subjected the Pharaoh to enough interrogation about affairs of state. So, during the last three-quarters of the interview, Amenhotep and I reminisced together about some of his earlier lives: as a slave girl in the dynasty of

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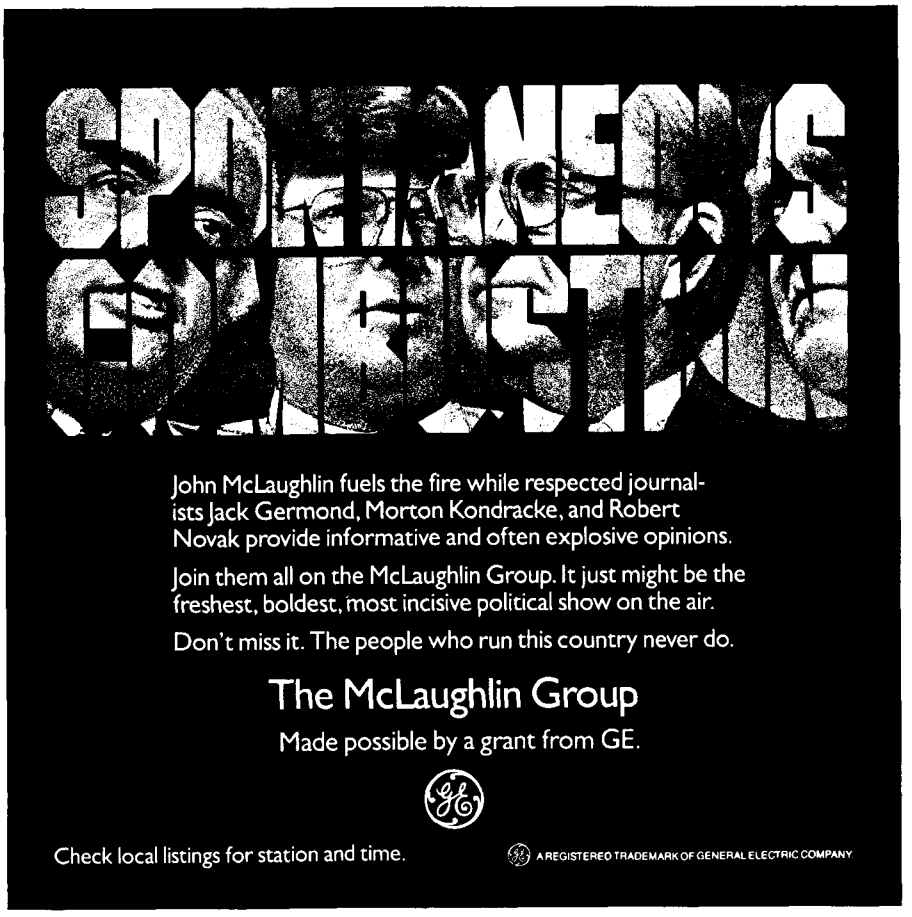
SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION
John McLaughlin fuels the fire while respected journalists Jack Germond, Morton Kondracke, and Robert Novak provide informative and often explosive opinions.
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WHAT IS A JUNK BOND?

High yield "junk" bonds are an essential part of our nation's economy. They provide America's small and medium-sized corporations with the capital they need at rates they can afford.

Yet most people are unfamiliar with the high yield bond market. They assume that if a bond is called "junk," that's what it must be. They don't realize that some of America's strongest and most profitable companies have issued high yield bonds.

INVESTMENT GRADE VS. "JUNK" BONDS.

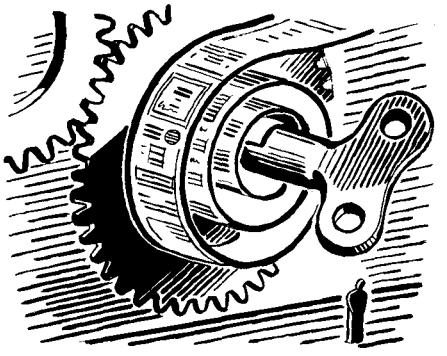
A corporate bond is a loan made by investors to a company that needs capital. The two major rating services, Moody's and Standard & Poor's, rate bonds as either investment grade or non-investment grade, depending on the issuer's size, credit history, capital structure, and other factors.

By definition, a high yield or "junk" bond is one that's rated below investment grade or, unrated. But just because a company fails to qualify for an investment grade rating is no reason to assume that it's "junk."

In fact, of the 23,000 U.S. companies with sales over $25 million, less that 800 are rated investment grade. There are another 22,000 companies, or 95% of American businesses, that couldn't get an investment grade rating if they tried. Yet many of these companies are "rising stars." They're young, vital, growing companies with strong management and excellent prospects for the future.

DESTROYING THE MYTH OF RISK.

High yield bonds involve considerably less risk than most



investors assume. Yet they provide returns that range from 3% to 5% higher than Treasury securities or investment grade bonds.

Professor Edward Altman of New York University and Scott Nammacher found that from 1974 to 1985, high yield bond default rates averaged only 1.53% per year, despite the two deepest economic recessions since World War II. A 1987 study by Professors Blume and Keim at the Wharton School of Business showed that a well diversified portfolio of high yield bonds consistently outperformed and didn't involve a greater amount of risk than a portfolio of investment grade bonds.

High yield bond performance has attracted a wide range of investors, including insurance companies, mutual funds, pension funds, savings institutions, and commercial banks, just to name a few. Today, the high yield bond market represents almost 20% of the total outstanding corporate debt in the U.S.

FUNDING AMERICA'S GROWTH.

High yield bonds are a flexible and cost-effective source of long-term, fixed-rate funds. Since 1977, over 1,200 American companies have turned to the public debt market to issue more than $114 billion of debt rate less than investment grade. Almost 75% of those funds have been used for internal growth and development–to construct buildings, purchase new equipment, hire more personnel, or expand research and development for new technologies and products.

High yield issuers include some of our nation's fastest growing companies, and account for virtually *all* the new job development in the United States over the last decade. In the last three years, high yield issuers have increased their revenues by 32%, almost three times the rate of investment grade companies.

The 10,000 people of Drexel Burnham are proud to serve America's high yield issuers, because it's the rapid growth of these companies that's keeping our nation vital and competitive.

CONTINUING THE DIALOGUE.

This has been part of our continuing series on important, controversial and complex issues that challenge American competitiveness. We welcome your reactions and questions. Write: Frederick W. McCarthy, Drexel Burnham Lambert, 60 Broad Street, Room 1111, New York, New York 10004.

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CORRESPONDENCE

PARKINSON'S GRAY MATTER

To the editors:

Robert Bazell's cynical report ("Hole in the Head," August 10 & 17) subverts any notion that transplantation therapy could have a real application in treating Parkinson's disease. There have been negative effects from some surgical techniques, such as Moniz's lobotomy. But many patients were palliated even by this operation at a time when effective drugs were not available. Moniz was awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine despite the controversy over lobotomies.

As neurologists who work daily with Parkinson's sufferers, we believe that transplantation therapy is worth watching. Actually only a few medical centers in the United States have boarded the transplantation bandwagon, with organizational leadership provided by neurologists whose main interest is patients' well being. All programs have been approved by strict review boards composed of lay and professional people. If this treatment becomes effective, we will be grateful to the medical team in Mexico. If it fails, we will at least be better informed about the complexities of Parkinson's.

HOWARD I. HURTIG, M.D.
MATTHEW B. STERN, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WRONG ON ECONOMIC RIGHTS

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer confuses two very different kinds of rights in "Is Reagan Conservative?" (July 27). He correctly states, "The right to a job or economic security or a certain standard of living" is "alien . . . to classic Western liberalism." But these are not the "economic rights" that Reagan called for in his Economic Bill of Rights. Rather, those rights—"not to be too heavily burdened by big government, by excessive taxes, by skyrocketing inflation"—stem from the right to property, which Krauthammer concedes is part of Western liberalism. They involve "the right to keep what one has," not a claim on the property of others. The president is right, for once, when he says these economic freedoms are as important as political rights. Both preserve a sphere of action for the individual that may not be violated by government.

DAVID D. BOAZ
Washington, D.C.

SINGAPORE SCRUPLES

To the editors:

In "The Voting Fields" (August 10 & 17) TNR suggests that the U.S. use Singapore's reliance on Western investment to press for the repeal of the Internal Security Act. But the ISA is in accordance with our constitution. The Communist Party of Malaya (CPM) is illegal in Malaysia and Singapore because it has fought to overthrow these governments. The ISA is necessary because by the time convictions can be secured under the rules of evidence used in other criminal cases, it is too late.

Although constitutional democratic opposition is scrupulously respected, covert subversion is not. TNR alleged that the ISA was used in May to imprison ten Catholic social workers. But most of them were not Catholic, and, by their own admission, they were using the Church to conceal their goal of establishing a Marxist state. When the CPM is still unbroken, with over 1,200 guerrillas in Peninsular Malaysia and on the Thai-Malaysian border, Marxism is not a parlor game.

TOMMY T. B. KOH
Ambassador of the Republic of Singapore
Washington, D.C.

SOMEWHERE IN THE RAINBOW

To the editors:

This addendum to "Jesse Speaks" (August 3) is from a speech by Jesse Jackson before the Asian-Pacific American Caucus of the Democratic Party, during the 1984 Democratic Convention. Observing that "Asian people" are being used "as scapegoats for a collapsed economy," Jackson launched into the following:

"It's not your fault that while the Americans were making missiles you were making cars; it's not your fault."

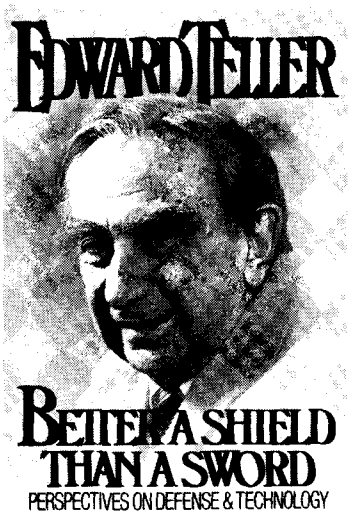
"While we were trying to get moon rockets and dust on the moon, you got your watches and TVs. It's not your fault, it's your values."

"While our managers learned how to fire people, Japanese managers learned how to . . . make room for people. It's not your fault because you had a great idea about how to manage your work force."

continued on page 41

The world has praised him and villified him. Now, it will understand him.

One of the most eminent and controversial scientists of the twentieth century, Edward Teller now shares his personal reflections in a book that, for the first time, reveals a man more subtle, passionate, and visionary than even his admirers may have imagined.



In candid, provocative recollections, Teller describes his relationships—some stormy—with such renowned intellects as Oppenheimer, Einstein, Fermi, and Bohr. We learn the full story of his influence on Presidents from Truman to Reagan, his pioneering work on quantum physics and his lifelong obsession with peace.

A fascinating account from a public figure much misunderstood, *Better A Shield Than A Sword* reveals a man with profound convictions about America and the moral responsibilities of science.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 7, 1987

PASSAGE TO DEMOCRACY

"At midnight, Thursday, August 14, 1947, one-fifth of the human beings on this planet obtained political freedom." Thus THE NEW REPUBLIC, 40 years ago, expressed one of this century's boldest hopes. It is difficult to imagine a more daunting experiment at both nationhood and democracy than India's. It is, in Whitman's phrase, "less a nation than a world." With 500 former kingdoms, 16 languages, over 1,500 dialects, six major religions, and countless other divisions, India has fewer commonalities than most continents, let alone nations. Add to this seamy patchwork abject poverty, 50 percent illiteracy, and an exploding population, and you have a country whose fabric can fall apart any moment. Yet 40 years later India is one nation with regular elections, an independent judiciary, a free press, and an apolitical military. Its democracy is hardly flawless and as a country it is hardly blameless. But alone in a sea of decolonized dictatorships, India has preserved its original pledge to be, in the words of the 1950 constitution, "a sovereign democratic republic."

In India, though, the mood is far from self-congratulatory. Pundits and polls agree: pessimism is in order. "ANARCHY LOOMING AHEAD," reads a typical headline in the Indian press. Some of this gloom is caused by lofty expectations. A larger part is caused by the numerous crises that have shaken the country in the last three years. There is a fear that Indians are witnessing the boiling over of long-simmering tensions that could prove fatal to India, not only as a democracy, but as a nation.

When the British partitioned India and Pakistan, each country had chosen to exist for a proposition: India's secular democracy, Pakistan's Muslim nationalism. While Pakistan has stumbled on the road to democracy, India's ethnic and religious nationalism is the foremost challenge to its existence as one harmonious nation. Violence among members of different religions, castes, regions, and races is painfully regular. What is new is the assertion of power by these groups through regional parties that have become enormously strong. Major border states in the north, west, and east and all the states of southern India are ruled by regional parties. These regional-political demands combined with ethnic and religious tensions can be dangerous, as the Sikhs in Punjab, the Muslims in Assam, and the Tamils in Tamil Nadu have shown.

The new political forces are rising because of the slow decline of the Indian National Congress, long considered *the* national party of government. India's existence as a unified democracy owes much to the Congress. Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru turned the party into a nationwide grass-roots organization that campaigned not just against the British raj, but also against darker aspects of India's social structure, such as the caste system. The Congress turned India's freedom struggle into a nonviolent, non-communist revolution.

When freedom came in 1947, the revolutionaries became the establishment. This transformation from a mass movement fighting colonialism for all sectors of society into a partisan political party was bound to shrink the Congress's base. During Nehru's 17-year reign, the Congress enjoyed unrivaled supremacy. The party suffered a major setback in the first election after his death in 1964. His daughter, Indira Gandhi, managed, through masterful strategy and demagoguery, to fill this vacuum. But she did so personally, abandoning the party establishment that had turned against her and creating her own. When she was assassinated in 1984, her son Rajiv Gandhi faced the problem in full bloom.

If Nehru's greatest legacy to India was his nurture and respect for parliament, political parties, courts, and the

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civil service, his daughter's greatest failing was her abuse of these institutions. The first step Rajiv can take is to make good on his promise to restore democracy within the Congress and hold the first internal party elections since 1970. Another would be to clamp down on the corruption rampant at *every* level of his government. Then there is the dynastic question: the three-generation succession of Nehrus. Friends of Indian democracy hope that this is the end of a phase that India will grow out of. But nations that have had several Salisburys and Pitts and Adamses and Kennedys in their democratic pasts would do well to remember that political dynasties don't necessarily spell the death of freedom. The cult of personality may be the price India pays for democracy in a developing society.

India faces problems that could undo any successes as a democracy. The economy has been, for almost all of these 40 years, a disaster. Whether measured by the yardstick of capitalist Southeast Asian countries or even that of Communist China, India produces too little too poorly. Hope comes from the growing consensus in the country that centralized planning, blind protectionism, and the gargantuan public sector are part of the problem, not the solution. India threatens to overtake China as the world's most populous country in just 13 years. Continuing deforestation is scary in a nation still crucially dependent on agriculture.

But rupees and trees are not the true tests of India's experiment. Indian journalist Girilal Jain has described the nation's current challenge as one of "an ancient civilization trying to renew herself in terms of her essential nature and trying to change in order to come to terms with the West." India has had neither the fierce backlash against the West that obsesses the Islamic Middle East nor China's crisis of junking one Western framework (communism) for another (capitalism). For a society in deep ferment, this is an impressive balancing act.

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	**STILL WATERS**	1	9
2.	**WING AND A PRAYER**	*	3
3.	**BULL RUN**	—	1
4.	**PEACE PORRIDGE COLD**	2	9
5.	**JAWBONES OF AN ASS**	—	1
6.	**SHUT MY MOUTH**	6	35
7.	**EARTH'S GREATEST HUMS**	*	2
8.	**SQUEEZED TUBE**	*	5
9.	**OLÉ FOR HOLLYWOOD**	—	1
10.	**NEW WAVE**	—	1

1. STILL WATERS

The Gulf. Can anyone articulate a Gulf resolution, or is this an open-ended status quo? Has Gulf rhetoric toned down because the stakes have risen dangerously or because there's nothing to say? Have actions there become unpredictable—Iran is minesweeping and cozying up to the Soviets—because the parties are pursuing clever strategies or because the situation is innately absurd?

2. WING AND A PRAYER

Airlines. Whatever its cause, the Detroit crash came as a tragic exclamation point to gathering air travel psychosis. Even Reagan's copter suffered a near-collision only days before. As is often the case, the public concern can be measured in the market: American Airlines is set to begin a TV ad campaign targeted to consumer safety worries.

3. BULL RUN

Wall Street. The investing public is apparently trying to get through to its broker with one hand while paging through Ravi Batra's dire predictions of a 1990 crash with the other. The consensus explanation for this market is that (surprise) the rich have gotten much richer, and don't know what else to do with their money.

4. PEACE PORRIDGE COLD

Contras. The new, improved White House has slipped on a banana republic. With its front man gone, its mediator resigned, and its allies pushing their own plan, the administration has been left holding a peace plan that the right hates and the left dismisses. Best of all, both State and Defense, hahaha, have been left out of the loop again. You know what Santayana said: He who ignores hearings is bound to repeat them.

5. JAWBONES OF AN ASS

Democrats. Aren't the Democrats endearing? Ten months after Reagan self-immolated, it's the Dems' house that's charred. Wright looks unsettled on Nicaragua, Biden looks silly on Bork, the handling of the hearings was no great shakes, the Senate agenda has been stymied, and the '88 candidate stands to win nomination by default. This has the makings of an all-time great fumble.

6. SHUT MY MOUTH

Iranamok. So what did Reagan mean when he promised that "you won't be able to shut me up" once the hearings ended? That you can't shush a silent man? Reagan's speech was such a non-event that Senator Mitchell's response wasn't even covered; there's no conflict anymore because there's no Reagan anymore. Reagan has become the later Wilson.

7. EARTH'S GREATEST HUMS

New Age. New Agers (ZC, May 18) are becoming a hotter story. Some angles treat them as nuts, as in the recent Harmonic Convergence ceremonies, but others take them more seriously. New Age music is now radio's hottest format, and New Age business training continues to grow. Their entry into the mainstream, though, awaits the return of environmentalism, where New Agers are extremist. There's the seed of a U.S. Green Party here.

8. SQUEEZED TUBE

Post-network TV. Network countermoves against VCRs are taking shape. Sexy ads are in prime time. Weird new shows are planned from 1:30-6:30 a.m., in hopes that they'll be taped and timeshifted (pitting broadcasters against themselves). A post-VCR hour (when the movie's over) is being defined, and over-50, non-VCR watchers are becoming more important. But what the networks really want is space on your cassette.

9. OLÉ FOR HOLLYWOOD

Bilingualism. Efforts are still going strong to make English the nation's official language, but the real language action is on the screen. The Spanish movie market is now so large that releasing new films—and not just the rare *La Bambas*—with Spanish soundtracks is becoming common practice.

10. NEW WAVE

Surfing. Surfing is indeed back. It's not just the hit remake of "Wipe Out"; it's not just the return of Frankie and Annette. The proof is in the beach-city hospitals, where a reported profusion of broken arms and legs testifies to all the inexperienced kahunas and moondawgs who don't know a riptide when they see one.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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Americans who are pleased by India's democracy are often displeased by its foreign policy. A glance at the map will explain India's temptation to tilt toward the superpower to its north. America aligns itself with Pakistan and China for similar geopolitical reasons. But if our national interests do not always coincide, our moral visions do. That is why we sometimes tire of India's self-righteous rhetoric and double standards when dealing with America. But that is also why we try to understand that the friend of an enemy can still be our friend.

NOTEBOOK

□ ARIAS WATCH: On August 11 Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega signed on to the Arias peace plan, which provides for among other things "complete political pluralism" throughout Central America. "Political groupings shall have broad access to communications media, full exercise of the right of association, and the right to manifest publicly the exercise of the right to free speech." On August 16, when two groups of internal oppositionists tried to stage a public demonstration testing the pledge, they were broken up by police using riot sticks, electric stun guns, and dogs. The Sandinistas arrested up to 15 people, including Lino Hernandez, president of the independent Permanent Human Rights Commission, who is in ill health. (This story made page 4 of the *New York Times* and page 15 of the *Washington Post*.) The Sandinistas are not technically required to grant free speech under the Arias plan until November 7, but this is scarcely a demonstration of good faith. The administration has protested against this display of Bull Connorism, but so should those—starting with House Speaker Jim Wright and most of the Democratic candidates for president—who see the Arias initiative as an alternative to the *contras* as a means of promoting democracy in the region. And if on November 7 the Sandinistas are still using cattle prods on their opponents, will the *contras* still be alive as an alternative?

□ BUT WHO'S COUNTING? "Joyce Carol Oates's 17th novel is one of her most powerful. . . ." —*Newsweek*
"Her oeuvre keeps moving forward in a landslide of psychic, physical, familial and social catastrophe. *You Must Remember This*, her 18th novel to date, marks no departure from the pattern."—*New York Times Book Review*

□ SDP RIP: David Owen's achievement in British politics was to keep a new party of the realistic left alive. Under his leadership, the Social Democratic Party—which split off from Labour in 1981—backed nuclear defense for Britain and a strong commitment to NATO, and avoided knee-jerk antipathy to Thatcher's popular economic revival. Yet through its activist social policy toward the jobless, the minorities, and the poor it retained a liberal conscience that made it a real challenge to Thatcher's complacency, and a realistic alternative to Labour's outdated socialism. It was also the only force on the left not tied to the unions and capable of breaking out of Labour's declining electoral base. Its recent merger with the Liberals and Owen's resignation as party leader place much of this hard-won reconstruction at risk. The Liberals combine the soft-headed Keynesianism of the British center with a policy of unilateral disarmament that makes them as implausible an alternative government as Labour. The weakened SDP stands no chance in the marriage. The winner in all of this is Thatcher, whose only credible rival in British politics has now lost a party, and a movement. The loser is the British left, which has again shown the kind of funk that has given the Tories three terms in office.

□ WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT? WHO CAN TELL YOU WHY?

Poll shows voters think women capable as men to be president

—*Knoxville News-Sentinel*, August 13

Woman president? Voters not enthusiastic

—*Knoxville Journal*, August 12

(thanks to Jean Ash, Knoxville, Tennessee)

□ ROLL ON, O MIGHTY OSHA:

OSHA'S newfound zeal puzzles industry, labor

—*Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, August 2

Is OSHA Falling Down on the Job?

—*New York Times*, same day

(thanks to Bert M. Gross, Minneapolis, Minnesota)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BORK TALK

ON THE AFTERNOON of July 1 President Reagan made an infrequent appearance in the White House press room, with Robert Bork at his side. Reagan said he was nominating Bork to the Supreme Court because of his "extraordinary abilities" and because he "shares my view that judges' personal preferences and values should not be part of their constitutional interpretation." Forty-five minutes later Bork was sitting in a chair in the West Wing office of Will Ball, the White House lobbyist in Congress. The television was turned to C-SPAN, and Bork watched as Senator Edward Kennedy denounced him on the Senate floor as a man who would bring back "back-alley" abortions, segregated lunch counters, midnight raids by "rogue

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police," censorship "at the whim of government," and a ban on teaching evolution. Bork was stunned.

He shouldn't have been. One of the rules of politics in Washington is that it really does matter how much noise you can create, pro or con. The press and the political community fall for it every time. In the days after the Bork announcement, Kennedy and a collection of liberal interest groups (the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, the Alliance for Justice, NAACP, etc.) made a lot more noise in opposition to Bork than the White House did in favor of him. And so reporters and politicians concluded that Bork was in trouble. Then in late July the White House organized a Bork task force, issued a curious loose-leaf binder labeled "Materials on Judge Robert H. Bork," and shoved Reagan out front to make pro-Bork pronouncements, including one in his nationally televised address to the nation on August 12. Press and pols concluded that the Bork nomination was no longer in jeopardy.

IN TRUTH, nothing had changed. From the time he was nominated, Bork was odds-on to win confirmation. He still is. Senator Alan Cranston, the Democratic whip, put out word in early August that the breakdown was 45 for Bork, 45 against, and ten undecided. The White House scoffed at this. By its early count, a majority of the 80 senators or so who had made up their minds favor Bork. That leaves 18 or 20 swing voters, and here again the White House has the advantage. A dozen of these are Southern Democrats. Included among them are "a number who are favorably disposed toward naming a Supreme Court nominee who is a believer in judicial restraint," says Ball. "They want a conservative Supreme Court, in the judicial sense."

As ever in the Reagan administration, there is a clash on Bork between pragmatists and ideologues. The pragmatists, mostly at the White House, want to emphasize what Ball calls Bork's "qualifications, his temperament, his integrity—the right things." What they don't want to stress is ideology, namely the conservative political results that often flow from Bork's judicial philosophy. Ideology is unsafe ground, according to the pragmatists. If Bork is marketed as a fellow who will bring conservative results such as fewer abortions and a rollback of affirmative action, liberal and moderate Democrats would be all the more justified in voting against him on these grounds. But if they stick to Bork's personal qualities, many Democrats may be reluctant to make ideology an issue. And if Bork's judicial ability is the chief issue, they'll have to vote for him. At least that's the theory the pragmatists are touting.

The ideologues, who are mostly at the Justice Department, naturally want to play up ideology. People elected Reagan to put conservatives on the Court, they argue, so let's tell them the president has nominated one. The ideologues, some of them anyway, believe that Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, would have blocked the Bork nomination if he could have. Several days before the nomination was announced, Baker and Attorney General Edwin Meese conferred with Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and Joseph Biden, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, about the Court vacancy. They showed Byrd and Biden names of a dozen potential nominees, including U.S. Appeals Court Judges Ralph Winter, Lawrence Silberman, Clifford Wallace, Richard Posner, Frank Easterbrook, Cornelia Kennedy (who is black), and Bork. One Justice official said Baker's hope was that Byrd and Biden would declare that Bork would never be confirmed. A Baker aide said he was merely going through the motions of consulting the Senate. In any case, Byrd and Biden didn't veto Bork.

The pragmatists have largely prevailed. The strange book of materials on Bork that was sent to senators reflected their view. It describes Bork as less conservative than Justice Antonin Scalia, who was overwhelmingly confirmed last year. And it says that having Bork replace Justice Lewis Powell, a judicial moderate, will not alter the ideological balance of the Court at all. Moreover, it says that as an appeals court judge since 1982 Bork has shown a marked willingness to vote against the wishes of President Reagan and the Republican Party. One is left with the impression that Bork is the Potter Stewart of the 1980s, a swing vote on the court. The initial version of the book, put together by Justice officials, soft-pedaled Bork's record far less, and thus was more credible. But the White House balked, removing among other things a section on the Senate's role in the confirmation process. That section was presumptuous, a White House aide said, and would only antagonize senators.

UNTIL CONFIRMATION hearings begin on September 15, Bork is in the hands of a task force composed of White House and Justice officials and a few outsiders such as Tom Korologos, the lobbyist who specializes in persuading senators. When Bork visits senators—he's chatted privately with about 20 so far—he is accompanied by a member of the task force, usually John Bolton, the deputy attorney general for legislative affairs and a former student of Bork's at Yale Law School. Bork has seen all but one (Democrat Howell Heflin of Alabama) of the members of the Senate Judiciary Committee. His longest session (three hours) was with Senator Arlen Specter, a Republican from Pennsylvania who sometimes votes against the administration. He spent two hours with Senator Bob Packwood, the Oregon Republican. Packwood is a strong supporter of the 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* decision that legalized abortions. Bork has been a relentless critic of that ruling. But he told Packwood that his mind is open on the issue. If Packwood can show him the basis in the Constitution for a right to an abortion, "I'll go along," Bork said. This was not serious. Bork is not anxiously awaiting Packwood's constitutional finding. The assumption at the White House is that Packwood is gone, a sure vote against confirmation.

At the hearings, Bork won't emulate Scalia, who got away with scarcely discussing his judicial views at all. At one point, Scalia was asked about an article he'd written on the Freedom of Information Act. Scalia said the article contained his policy views on FOIA, but as a judge he wouldn't have any policy views. He declined to discuss the issue fur-

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ther. Senator Dennis DeConcini, a Democrat from Arizona, was irritated at this. In a chat with DeConcini, Bork acknowledged that because he had written so much over the years, he can't escape answering questions. He'll discuss his judicial philosophy fully, he told DeConcini, but not specific issues that might come before him as a justice.

Bork is already in training for the hearings. In early August he was grilled by A. B. Culvahouse, the White House counsel, and others in a mock hearing held on the fourth floor of the Executive Office Building. Ball, Bolton, and even Lloyd Cutler, the White House counsel for President Carter and a Bork backer, took part. At one point, Howard Baker dropped by the session. He reached the quick conclusion that Bork will be a dazzling witness, almost in the Ollie North category. In an interview a few days later, he told a reporter that Bork "will be his own best witness."

For now, Bork's best witness is Reagan. The ideologues have gotten their way on when the pro-Bork campaign should begin (early August) and who should be the point man (Reagan). By mid-August, the president had given a speech and two radio addresses on Bork. Better yet, in his Iranamok speech on August 12, he put Bork's confirmation first on the agenda for his final 17 months in the White House. "As soon as the Senate returns from its recess next month, it should consider Judge Bork's qualifications and then vote yes or no, up or down," he said. "This nation and its citizens deserve a full bench with nine justices when the Court convenes in October." This was Reagan's oblique way of saying: Democrats, don't you dare filibuster. Democrats didn't take the warning seriously, nor should they have. Reagan's remarks on Bork were mainly just noise. But noise has its place. All the racket gave Reagan and his aides the distinct impression that Bork would be confirmed after all.

FRED BARNES

The Republic strikes back.

MYTH AMERICA

LOOKING AT AMERICA in long perspective, it's striking how responsive it is to the myths the world attaches to it and to those of its self-perception. When America was a rising star among Western nations, the emphasis was on the "two-worlds" metaphor of a New World coming to power to shape a destiny distinct from that of the Old. Yet the image carried with it a negative charge as well. Whenever one of the frontiers—geographic, mental, or moral—was reached and passed, whenever America suffered a humiliating setback, solemn voices proclaimed an "end" to the history of American uniqueness. That end has not come, however volcanic some of the events since the early 1960s have been. America has remained the magnet that has drawn refugees from every destroyed democracy and closed society. Whatever its failures, it is still seen as the haven of choices, offering the freedoms of its economy, polity, and society, and the creativeness of its science and technologies.

Quite possibly during these last decades, it is the Old World that has had to confront the end of history. Once the world of dynastic monarchies, it is now the world of psychologically and morally exhausted societies (largely on a Marxist and post-Marxist pattern) that have lost their energy and appeal. They are seen, along with their philosophy, as antique fortresses jutting out of a wasteland of the past. In fact, their own chances of breaking out of this closure now depend largely on their success in following the new model set by America and its rivals and competitors in the Western imperium.

A MORE SERIOUS threat to American exceptionalism came from another direction, that of atomic weapons. The prospect of ultimate destruction moved America toward some maturity. It had been a feisty young civilization challenging the established powers as a model of a free and egalitarian society. Now it took on both a practical and symbolic role as the leader of a free world imperium, extending to it the nuclear "umbrella." What America offered, on a military level, was a power base and the sinew for the exercise of deterrent power if the need should come. In turn, the imperium offered America a way out of the end of history. Now the imperium gave it a chance, without the conquest or annexation or the burden of ruling, to develop a new form of power.

What actually emerged was less than an empire and more than a concert of powers or a set of traditional alliances. Nor was it the creation of any one leader. The shaping intelligences were those of Dean Acheson and a little group of like-minded "wise men" clustered around him. The imperium, however, constantly torn by the national interests and styles of its members, was still in the making. In an intensely competitive world, its economic policies were bound to be discordant, although the interdependence of its members pushed them to practical accords. For historical reasons its defense burdens and costs were unequal. Its ruling elites came out of different political and economic cultures, which often barred the path to understanding.

Did this mean that America had become another Rome and the Western imperium another Roman Empire? Where Rome moved to an ever more centralized, if also feckless, empire, the thrust of the Western imperium was toward a quasi-contract that was at once political, economic, and military. Nor were the Soviet Union and its satellites quite like the "barbarians" who infiltrated the Roman Empire. The American and Russian peoples, as Tocqueville saw very early, were clearly destined to be grand opponents in the historic drama. At the time of Nikita Khrushchev's reform regime in the early 1960s, and again under Mikhail Gorbachev's drive in the mid-1980s to modernize the Soviet economy and partially open the society, there was dis-

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cussion of a possible "convergence" of the two adversary systems. But the pull of the convergence was mostly one-sided, not toward the blocked societies of the East but toward the openness of the West. This was true as well of the market-driven economy of Communist China, under Deng Xiaoping. The exceptionalism of America, through some attractive force within it, had moved out into the world and achieved a measure of universalism.

For the Europeans, however, there was a continued sense of being powerless to control their nuclear adversaries. It made the American Rome seem to some of Europe's elites a more perilous protector than the Roman Empire ever was. It also added an edge of embitterment to Europe's feeling of cultural superiority in being the Athens to this clumsy, often arrogant, modern Rome, with its blundering presidents, its overweening materialism, and its high-tech gadgetry. The disconcerting fact, of course, was that America had become, in the last quarter century, the hot crater of the sciences and of disciplines in every area, and of many of the arts as well. With the help of its "golden migration" of exiles and immigrants, many from Europe itself, the new America offered the double image of Rome and Greece together.

I TAKE SERIOUSLY, though, the hypothesis of internal decline. It isn't hard in the 1980s to marshal the evidence. One need only note the litany of growing crime and violence, crowded prisons, an accelerating drug culture, the breakdown of the justice system, the endangered home, the mounting unemployment in the underclass, the inability to control the borders, the "insider" trading, the ecological crimes of omission and commission, the extent of functional illiteracy, the decay of the work ethic, the litigation syndrome, the teenage pregnancies, the single-parent families, the more-than-residual racial hatreds and religious bigotries, the obsession with guns, the pockets of marginal vigilante groups arming for future power showdowns.

These are pathologies of the civilization. I have to add to them the pathologies of power. Here the more blatant episodes and the turmoil they have brought in their wake (the Bay of Pigs, the U-2 incident, Vietnam, Watergate, the Iranian arms deal) have produced a sense among foreigners that American leadership is erratic or blundering or both. But I would suggest that civilizations don't die of scandals and causes celébrès, of code breaking and corner cutting, of rip-offs and high jinks, or of marginal inequities. They don't even die of great tragedies, including Vietnams and Watergates.

Civilizations are more likely to die of rigidities, of absolutisms that become divisive and tear them apart, of loss of their psychic immune and support systems, of failure of nerve in the unwillingness or inability to face collective dangers, of failures of belief (especially among the young) in the viability and promise of the whole experience. Civilizations die, above all, of the impoverishment of the imagination and will that built and sustained them.

Latter-day America shows no sign of an impoverished imagination. Its strength has been the continuing mobility of its people. This is again where the Roman parallel breaks down. Rome was ruled by a patrician class that had exhausted its original energies, and the "new men"—*novi homines*—never broke into the phalanx of power as America's new men and women have done, generation after generation. Whatever else America dies of, it is unlikely to be the depletion either of energies or of talents.

It is not lacking in vitality, but in judgment and prudence. Its high arts as well as its popular culture revel in obsessions and excesses. The true dangers America courts are not of a spent senility but of the turmoils of adolescence. Compared with the historic civilizations that have lasted for millennia—China, India, Russia, Europe—America is still a stripling, with almost everything ahead of it to experience and suffer, but caught, as Alexander was, between the responsibilities of power and the dreams and excesses of youth.

Walt Whitman predicted in *Democratic Vistas* that America, in its continental expanse, its striking into new paths, its fragmenting, would need a "divine literatus" (like himself) to hold it together. It was a remarkable prophesy. The most serious American weakness of the past few decades has been the unraveling of cohesion that came with the cross-purposes of interest groups, and with the absolutisms that worked against trade-offs. If the prime need of the postwar decades was for greater *access*, the prime need now is for stronger *nexus*, the necessary connections between the complex of parts in any enduring organism.

There remains the myth of the covenant, in the form of the Constitution and its Bill of Rights, and of the Supreme Court justices as its watchful guardians. Of the entire complex of political strategies that America gave the world, the Constitution as a way of ordering the society was fraught with the greatest symbolic force. In a universe of wild contingency, it offered the rule of law as a fixed security point, and a set of criteria (through judicial interpretation) for adjusting to the changes. It is not values-free, as Max Weber noted about all social knowledge and action. But it makes heroic efforts to replace bias by reasoned social values. Which may be why it comes as close to divine right as any democracy has allowed.

Of the French social thinkers, Raymond Aron and Jean-François Revel have written with considerable sharpness of the psychological weakness of democracies, which goes beyond their structural disabilities. In America a number of political thinkers have put a prime question to the civilization: Does it still have a center, as it once had—at least a center that, in Yeats's phrase, will "hold"?

IT IS A question that must be addressed not only to America but to the Western imperium as a whole. We used to talk of "why democracies die," but the structure of democracy is no longer in question. At issue is the viability of an entire civilization. But whatever its fate, the key to it is likely to remain the role of America and its mythmaking and myth-sustaining capacities. It may be true, as Peter Berger suggests, that capitalism as a system doesn't generate the mythopoeic power that the socialist utopias have

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shown. But there is more to America than capitalism: there is the history and creativity of a great culture. Finally America exists as myth, on a scale that has not thus far been rivaled in modern history. If America's center fails to hold, it will leave the world's fate in hands less gentle and more guilt-stained than the American.

MAX LERNER

Max Lerner, a syndicated columnist, is currently teaching at U.S. International University, San Diego. A longer version of this essay appears as a postscript chapter in a reissue of *America as a Civilization* (Henry Holt).

Guidelines for 'glasnost.'

EDITOR GORBO

GLASNOST HAS BEEN with us for two years now, an endlessly fascinating subject for Soviet watchers because it defies easy definition and is constantly evolving. Confusion begins with the word itself. From the beginning Westerners were translating it as "openness," but the Russians, who have another word for openness, translated it as "publicity." Tass has now come around to accepting our definition.

This semantic dispute reflected a difference in values. Unlike Gorbachev's many admirers in the West, the Russians, who have never been big on free speech, take the publicity aspect of *glasnost* very seriously. It is nice that the authorities are more willing to tolerate criticism and publish banned works, but a more essential advance is that they are keeping people better informed about their decisions. "If they want to tear down a house, people must know," one Soviet academic said in explaining how *glasnost* is revolutionizing Soviet life. "If they introduce some new rules, they must explain why they introduce them and discuss the rules before they go into effect."

Vladimir Bukovsky, a sardonic observer of the Soviet scene who spent 11 years in Soviet prisons and psychiatric hospitals, defines *glasnost* simply as the "campaign of official criticism." The public, still at the mercy of the Party's monopoly on information, "now receives half-truths instead of complete lies," he says. Others might argue that there are some whole-truths mixed in, but it is hard to dispute his central point: everything remains under the control of a more enlightened group of despots.

Whole areas of public life have been thrown open for discussion while others remain taboo. The ever-shifting ground rules seem to come down to this: Would Gorbachev nod approvingly or scowl if he read the latest daring critique or disclosure in his morning paper? Truth continues to have no independent standing and no independent means of dispersion. Before a provocative piece of information can reach the public, someone must determine whether it is useful or detrimental to what Gorbachev and his allies in the leadership are trying to accomplish.

The excitement these days is over how much information has been deemed useful. Initially, internal criticism focused on corruption, waste, and inefficiency—the failures of the Brezhnev-era leadership that Gorbachev was anxious to discredit. But now that he is ready to go further, to attack economic problems at their Stalinist roots, the discussion and revelations are much broader. "We know there was a time when our state proclaimed a policy of eliminating the kulaks as a class," the economist Nikolai Schmelev wrote recently in *Novy Mir*, in the most scathing critique to date of the Soviet economy. "The class affected, however, proved to be the whole of the peasantry." People used to go to jail for writing things like that.

Initially observers noted that the military and the KGB—which, along with the Party, make up the three pillars of Soviet power—were off-limits. But then Mathias Rust flew through the teeth of the world's most vaunted air defense and provided Gorbachev an opportunity to fire the defense minister and shake up the military hierarchy. Suddenly the press found plenty that was wrong with the Soviet military.

The KGB is another matter. Only once in the Gorbachev era has a KGB official publicly been taken to task—not for suppressing dissent or routinely violating Soviet law, but for arranging the false arrest of an investigative reporter from *Pravda*. The message: the KGB may be above the law, but it is not above the Party.

THE GORBACHEV REGIME has been hailed for its willingness to provide factual information on natural disasters, crop failures, plane crashes, shipwrecks, the Chernobyl nuclear accident, and other embarrassing examples of socialism's fallibility. Yet each disclosure must pass the test of utility. It must improve the country's image abroad (the initial delay in providing information about Chernobyl was a p.r. catastrophe) and re-establish credibility with a public that had stopped believing anything its leaders said. Information that could prove particularly detrimental, such as casualty figures or honest battlefield accounts from Afghanistan, does not get reported—although that may change if Gorbachev decides it is time to build a case for withdrawal.

The rules governing foreign policy matters seem pretty simple. George Shultz or Margaret Thatcher can appear uncensored on Soviet TV to argue the imperialist line, as long as no Soviet commentator or public figure says or writes anything that agrees with them. An occasional commentary might question whether the Soviets erred in deploying too many SS-20s in Europe (an admission that helps justify Gorbachev's plans to pull them all out), but no one is publicly suggesting that the Poles should be allowed to determine their own future, that the Cubans are an unnecessary burden, or that the Afghans should be left to slaughter each other.

As Gorbachev grows increasingly secure, the boundaries

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of *glasnost* will widen. Eventually, so as not to appear a total hypocrite, he will have to allow criticism of his own policies. He took a step in that direction at the Central Committee meeting in June when he denounced two of his own top appointees by name.

It is most unlikely, however, that the authorities will take the truly revolutionary step that would insulate *glasnost* from the leadership's whims—permitting, on a meaningful scale, the formation of independent political organizations and independent means of mass communications. Real *glasnost* will have arrived when Gorbachev reads something in his morning paper, slams down his fist, and then realizes he can't do a damn thing about it.

The Moscow press corps has devoted considerable attention to the independent dissident journal *Glasnost*, which openly published its first tiny edition without cataclysmic consequences. It would be unwise, however, to draw any broad conclusions from that small victory. The authorities are engaged in high-stakes international image-building, and they were not about to suffer a spate of damning headlines for the sake of throttling a puny exercise in above-ground samizdat.

In fairness to Gorbachev, he is under no internal pressure to operate by our standards of what *glasnost* should be. On the contrary, he has to be wary of going too far to gain our approval. The Soviet state stands on a foundation of myths and lies, the first and foremost being that this 20th-century version of Russian imperialism is indeed a union of socialist republics. For decades the leaders and most of the citizenry have honored a tacit agreement not to probe too deeply for fear of destabilizing a regime that has provided the Russian people with the most secure environment they have ever known.

Fyodor Burlatsky, a well-known Soviet journalist and playwright, appeared on a Moscow television show recently to talk about change and conflict in the Gorbachev era. He expressed optimism that over the next few years "the truth about our entire historic path will be fully rehabilitated . . . with all the mistakes, errors, failures, deviations, and deformations." But he urged patience, making an argument that Westerners find hard to appreciate. "The public consciousness—and I mean that of both scientists and the wide-ranging masses of people—is not yet completely ready for such a radical review."

IN JULY I had the chance to question Yegor Yakovlev, editor of *Moscow News*, one of the hot newspapers of the Gorbachev era, about the prevalence of taboo subjects under *glasnost*. Unlike the smooth Soviet publicists who normally come this way, Yakovlev is a rumpled, world-weary, middle-aged man who addresses his interlocutors in stilted, official Russian rather than colloquial English. "We Soviet journalists are not ready for new possibilities," he rather lamely replied. "The process of *glasnost* has no boundaries, but it cannot be done in one day." He went on to give a few isolated examples of articles that ventured into taboo areas, but then conceded that all was not yet as it should be. "I can assure you," he concluded disarmingly, "that I am more interested in these questions than you are."

DONALD KIMELMAN

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And apartheid's practice.

SULLIVAN'S PRINCIPLES

WHEN SOUTH AFRICA failed to meet Leon Sullivan's June 1 deadline for abolishing apartheid, he promptly recanted his code for corporate "constructive engagement" and demanded a total economic boycott. Over the last ten years, the Sullivan Code has prodded American subsidiaries into challenging petty apartheid, supporting black trade unions, and spending $230 million on black education, housing, and community projects. Though Sullivan praised American multinationals for causing "a revolution in industrial race relations," he argued that more pressure is needed, since "the main pillars of apartheid still remain." Unfortunately, disinvestment and sanctions are unlikely to exert the sort of pressure that Sullivan has in mind, and they threaten the code's limited accomplishments.

Sullivan's new stance is less than a reversal, for both the code and disinvestment share the same underlying assumption: that economic pressure will force political change. But apartheid is hardly premised on economic rationality. After the imposition of martial law in July 1985, jittery American bankers refused to roll over the country's $14 billion short-term debt. The government immediately froze repayments, reinstated currency controls on capital export, and increased its crackdown on political dissent. As after Sharpeville and Soweto, the state of emergency calmed American bankers (who eventually rescheduled payments on South Africa's terms), and reassured the white electorate.

Though the debt crisis convinced South Africa's wealthiest businessmen to confer with the exiled African National Congress for the first time, their criticism of the government dissipated as the crisis began to spur a short-term economic recovery. The declining rand stimulated demand for exports and curbed import-buying, leaving South Africa with a record trade surplus of $7 billion in 1986. After the government handily won this May's election, industrial shares on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange (JSE) climbed markedly.

Disinvestment in any case has reflected unabashed expediency rather than a moral commitment to ending apartheid. Since 1986, 63 American multinationals have disinvested, and another 17 have promised to do so. American multinationals were only too eager to flee declining profits, the growing politicization of the black work force, and the

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increasingly burdensome code (Sullivan's "Fourth Amplification" in 1984 essentially called on firms to promote civil disobedience). This flight confirms V. S. Naipaul's observation that "people have scraped the world clean . . . and now they want to run from the dreadful places where they've made their money." Only this time it was the well-intentioned who pointed out the exit door.

Despite disinvestment, half of the U.S. multinationals that left retain licensing and distribution agreements with their former subsidiaries. They are unlikely to heed Sullivan's call to cut their continuing ties. Royalty payments on these agreements offer multinationals the only means to evade the strict currency controls on capital flight. And such links enable them to circumvent the 1986 Export Act's restriction on direct sales to the South African government and military. Even a ban on all trade links won't stop the flow of American goods to South Africa. After Kodak pledged to end direct sales, its managing director in South Africa conceded, "We can't stop all our 500,000 world customers from deciding to resell to the South African operations which replace us."

More important, Sullivan's dictum undercuts his plea for disinvesting firms to empower their black workers. Ford, which has been losing money in South Africa for several years, recently proposed selling roughly half of its 42 percent share in South African Motor Corporation (SAMCOR) to its black employees and giving two seats on the company's board to union representatives. (Understandably, the union is interested in further guarantees in case the company continues to record losses.) But any profit-sharing trusts or employee-financed buy-outs will prove worthless without continued links to the parent firm.

There are two major difficulties in transferring to blacks the assets of departing firms. First, black managerial talent is in short supply, reflecting, in part, the failure of Sullivan-mandated advancement programs. In 1985 blacks constituted only five percent of managers at signatory firms, compared with 4.7 percent across South African industry. Second, blacks lack the requisite financing for buy-outs. When Dr. Ntatho Motlana, a Soweto community leader, helped to organize a black investment firm for this purpose, COSATU, the largest trade union confederation, condemned the scheme as enabling "a few individuals to make capital . . . out of the struggle to end apartheid." And the sale of Citibank and Barclays operations to South African banks makes local financing all but impossible.

Disinvestment also comes at the expense of black workers. According to the Investment Responsibility Research Center, a Washington monitoring group, the lowest wage at Sullivan signatories was 60 percent higher than the median wage in the non-farming sector. And disinvestment has been succeeded by layoffs. When GM announced the sale of its subsidiary last November, its black employees went on strike demanding guarantees of continued employment, the repayment of pension fund contributions, and union representation on the company's board. GM used the opportunity—and the South African police—to fire 500 employees and the union stewards, bequeathing a chastened work force to the new South African management.

Although disinvestment has caused only a small proportion of union members to be laid off, the new South African management is far less responsive to union demands. As the director of GM's former subsidiary boasted: "We will make vehicles with or without the unions"—a credible threat given the 25 percent unemployment rate among blacks. This weakens the unions just as they are becoming more politically active. And it is the unions that provide a slender democratic precedent for a post-apartheid society.

After the GM pullout, the Congress of South African Trade Unions (COSATU) reaffirmed its support for disinvestment with the hopeful proviso that "profits (not jobs) should suffer the consequences." COSATU demands that the "social wealth [of disinvesting firms] must . . . be distributed in the interests of the workers," but it is South African businessmen who are reaping the benefits. After Sullivan's announcement, shares on the JSE rose noticeably, confirming a retailing magnate's claim, "We thrive and we grow as these Mickey Mouse people crumble." Anglo-American, South Africa's largest conglomerate (and America's largest foreign investor), increased its share on the JSE last year from 54 percent to 60 percent through buy-outs of disinvesting firms. This year it acquired Citibank's holdings, and, as co-owner of SAMCOR, it will inherit part of Ford's stake. The vast oligopoly power of South Africa's four major conglomerates enabled them to raise prices during last year's recession, earning an average increase in profits of 30 percent, while hourly wage rates fell 17 percent.

REALIZING THAT disinvestment alone will not topple apartheid, Sullivan also called for full trade sanctions. But like disinvestment, sanctions have unintended consequences. The gold sanctions proposed by Sullivan and the International Labor Organization would cripple the South African economy (since gold provides 11 percent of GNP and over half of foreign exchange earnings), but they would also devastate the country's strongest trade union, the National Union of Mineworkers. The resulting layoffs and wage freezes would undercut the NUM's current 300,000-man strike for "living wages" far more effectively than mineowner intransigence and police repression.

Sanctions, though, are more likely to be implemented against South Africa's agricultural products than against its minerals—as the West, if not sub-Saharan Africa, can easily afford to find substitute suppliers. But it is the agricultural sector that is most labor-intensive; 100,000 workers in the fruit industry alone are involved in export production. Recognizing this, the South African Catholic Bishops Conference, a vocal critic of apartheid, recently cautioned against a trade boycott.

Sanctions would also wreak havoc on the regional economy. The Southern African Development Coordinating Conference, an organization of the frontline states, estimates that international sanctions will cost them $7 billion over the first three years if South Africa expels its 350,000 foreign migrant laborers, halts electricity supplies, and cuts off the $900 million trade with the region. Facing economic

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woes of their own, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, and Zambia have muted their calls for economic sanctions.

Advocates of sanctions are willing to risk these consequences, believing Archbishop Desmond Tutu's claim that sanctions will end apartheid in "next to no time." Yet South Africa has long been preparing for autarky. Since 1962 legislation has mandated ever-increasing percentages of local content in automobile manufacturing (now at 70 percent), and the military has pressured the government into developing local industries (such as diesel engines). The oil embargo prompted the development of coal liquefication plants, which now supply 30 percent of South Africa's energy needs. And the 1977 arms embargo turned South Africa into one of the world's largest arms exporters.

If sanctions are adopted, there is no guarantee they will be enforced. Ritualistic denunciations of apartheid have rarely interfered with surreptitious trade to South Africa. The United Arab Emirates helped to write last year's U.N. Security Council resolution for an economic boycott (subsequently vetoed) while continuing oil sales to South Africa. And Saudi Arabia supplies at least a quarter of South Africa's oil, despite the 1973 Arab oil boycott. (See "Apartheid's Oil" by Robert Whitehill, TNR, February 10, 1986.) In 1986 both Iran and Iraq exchanged oil for South African armaments. After the 1977 U.N. arms embargo, Spain, France, Italy, India, Israel, and several U.S. companies proved to be eager boycott-busters. It's true that even lax sanctions have an effect: South Africa spends an extra $2 billion a year to obtain its secretive oil. But that hardly prices apartheid out of the market.

And sanctions are not necessarily the peaceful weapon Sullivan claims they are, since increased black unemployment is likely to swell guerrilla ranks. It is a curious moralism that seeks to push more South African blacks into a war they cannot hope to win—and which the United States is (so far) disinclined to help them fight.

LARS WALDORF

ON THE HILL

CURTAIN CALL

BY HENRY FAIRLIE

THERE WERE two simultaneous Iran-*contra* hearings: those that took place on the Hill and those transmitted by television. There is the question of Lt. Col. Oliver North's moist eyes. "Television loves moist," Norman Lear said, and Lear should know. But as one senator pointed out, North's eyes seemed less moist in the Old Senate Caucus Room than in close-ups on television (they were invisible to the press and public sitting behind the witnesses). The camera also exploited North's physical position to his advantage. More than any other witness, he looked upward, even straining to do so, to the raised tiers of congressmen, senators, their staff, and the counsel, so that his face took on that pleading, Boy Scout look, and the members appeared as inquisitors set on high over him in judgment. In the room itself the elevation of the tiers of investigators was far less dramatic.

The television coverage concentrated on the exchange between the questioner and witness, thus giving a deceptively strong impression of confrontation. North exploited this situation too, as if instinctively. So the questioners who had become inquisitors became torturers, especially in the person of Arthur Liman, the chief Senate counsel. The camera covered the hearings as if they were Wimbledon, moving back and forth and back, following the ball-serve-return-lob-smash. Although occasionally the camera moved to show other congressmen and senators during the questioning, it did not pick them up all the time as one does at the actual hearings: Representative Henry Hyde going through the dress rehearsal before his next entrance, or Senator Warren Rudman settling his face back on Mount Rushmore before his next turn. It makes a difference to the atmosphere if one continually catches representatives and senators practicing the necessary art of sleeping with their eyes open and heads erect in a long committee hearing.

Although the Senate chairman, Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, repeatedly said, "This panel is not convened to determine the guilt or innocence of anyone," television added to the feeling that it was. The reporting and commentary in the press fueled this idea, and so of course did some of the committee members. It became impossible to shake the notion that the purpose of the committee was to fix guilt, find a smoking gun, and so far as the president was concerned, to answer the Watergate question: What did he know, when? When fixing guilt only led to a maze of complication through a labyrinth of lying; when no smoking gun (at least on the question of diversion) was found in Reagan's hands; and when the previous image of Donald Regan, and in some respects of Reagan, appeared in an entirely new light, and it became hard to trace any clear system of control or command in the White House—then the committee could be dismissed as failing in its

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objectives, and its protracted hearings as a waste of money and time.

But the main purpose of the committee was not, like that of the Watergate committee, investigative, and even Sam Ervin could not have emerged from the hearing as a homely old country lawyer, giving his little homilies on constitutional government. There was no issue of policy at stake in Watergate. Policy is at the root of the Iran-*contra* dealings. In particular, the committee was up to its neck in foreign policy, and some of the operations rightly had to remain classified. Oliver North sensed this, even before some of the committee members had woken to the fact. By refusing to testify in private, he had the advantage of surprise. But he also understood that the hearings were a theater in which issues of policy could be dramatized. He lifted the ball out of the committee's hands, substituted his own, and pitched to his heart's content, while some committee members were still perusing questions of payments for his home security system.

THE COMMITTEE had gotten into such an investigative (and, in some cases, even prosecutorial) frame of mind that it was not prepared for North to divine the possibilities of its business and offer a boldly ideological defense of an ideological foreign policy. Contrary to the ired charges of North's supporters, he was not handled roughly by the committee, but with kid gloves. Inouye said in one of his many corrections of North's counsel that the committee had patiently allowed North to make speeches. So it did, but it stopped there. Again and again when he took this stand, the committee members seemed to reel, instead of taking the proper congressional role of questioning an ideological policy. This was left to Secretary of State George Shultz. When asked if he wished to make a final statement, Shultz only touched upon how the whole Iran-*contra* policy was initiated and executed. He went instead to the heart of the matter with a profound criticism of the ideological leanings in the White House that had made the policy even imaginable.

As long as the committee appeared to be looking for smoking guns, the president's defenders had a relatively easy task. The smoothest was Senator Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah. This was the "Borin' Orrin" whose monotone drove senators up the wall during a long filibuster in 1978. But the monotone this time was speeded up. He simply read from the sheets in front of him the syntactically correct questions his aides had prepared. The brow furrowed in a statesmanlike search for the truth, the eyebrows rose in pained surprise that everyone did not see where it lay, the words came from lips that didn't move. During his appearances most committee members caught up with their own notes or personal correspondence. All the same, he skillfully picked out those points in any testimony that freed the president from blame. That was a debt repaid. During Hatch's re-election campaign Reagan paid two visits to Utah.

Representative Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois, did not bother with questions. He did not even pretend to be much interested in finding the truth. He was on the side of the president, loyalty, North, motherhood, the Marines, tomorrow, the *contras*, the American people, the past, the Founding Fathers, the flag, the sun, the moon, the stars at night—and Henry Hyde. He's never hidden his windbag under a bushel. (He coins mixed metaphors freely. Of the administration's failure to inform Congress of the sale of arms to Iran: "They kept this thing so close to the vest it was strangled in its crib.") But he can never have imagined he would have the chance to light up the screen during the hours of soap. Joyfully wheeling through circumlocutions of polysyllables, he was the committee member who clearly had set out to be a star, with repeats on the network nightly news. He said little to be remembered. He lamented the misuse of the English language, while taking it on a roller coaster of thrills and narrow escapes. When he says (often) that he likes a good argument, it avoids the bluntness of saying that he likes the sound of his own voice. One could watch his preparations for his performances. Then, hale and hearty, with all the stage props he would wave about, his silver hair in place and glistening, he plunged again into the fray.

One of his favorite ways of whitewashing the administration witnesses was (in a jolly way, of course) to blacken before the public the name of Congress and the purpose of the hearings. When he was making one of his more preposterous charges, the other House members and some senators even looked around, to laugh with him. It was a startling moment in which one caught the club atmosphere of the House and the Senate, and it was not altogether reassuring. But this preceded by only a few days the conclusion of the hearings, when after Caspar Weinberger's testimony, Inouye and Representative Lee Hamilton, the other chairman of the joint committee, came down by the witness table, to stand on either side of the secretary of defense, holding his arms aloft as if they played for the same team.

THE OTHER Republican defenders of Reagan did as well as they could in his cause, though it would be hard to count them as impressive, and one suspected some of the younger ones, such as Representative Jim Courter, Republican of New Jersey, of being slippery by political nature and not because of the nature of the occasion. Representative Dick Cheney, Republican of Wyoming, was a solid voice of the Republican establishment, not withholding strong criticism of Reagan's organization of his presidency. But these defenders also had an easy time because they were able and willing to express their support of the actual foreign policy and its ideological frame, even picking up North's vocabulary about the "democratic freedom fighters."

The distorting prosecutorial image of the hearings was sustained by Representative Jack Brooks, Democrat of Texas. Over the years he has cultivated his image as the gnarled, snarling Texan, peering with suspicion over his glasses at whoever is talking to him—"a cigar-smoking junkyard dog," as he was once described by a Democratic colleague. After any testimony he smelled out the scandal, however trivial, that might be exposed still further. His

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fellow representatives may know how to measure the irritability he also nurtures. But the public does not.

Nevertheless, in his cross examinations he reminded us that senators and representatives come from somewhere in Congress, and from some precise moment in their political careers. Brooks has been chairman of the Government Operations Committee since 1975. As such, he has had ample opportunity to pursue and berate government officials for comparatively small scandals of waste and mismanagement. It was in that spirit that he questioned the witnesses.

If Representative Peter Rodino leaves Congress in 1988, Brooks is the Democrat in line to succeed him as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a change in the leadership of that staid committee that may be worth watching. But Rodino showed in his quiet questioning that he was coming from his own power base and concerns, and from his similar, then very significant, role on the Watergate committee. So he stuck to the constitutional, legal disorders in the administration's conduct. One could see other more senior senators and congressmen speaking from the concerns they have built up over the years. This was impressive. It reflected the variety and range of work that Congress does. But when one looked across the tiers of members, their aides behind them, one began to question the composition of the committee.

The representation of members known for their interest in foreign and defense policy was thin. Representative Les Aspin, Democrat of Wisconsin, was absent much of the time, conducting hearings in his own Armed Services Committee. Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, however searching in some of his questioning, was subdued and certainly disappointed those who wish him to be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Hamilton, known for his interest in foreign policy, sometimes touched on issues of policy, but his role as joint chairman seemed to make him accept the more limited view of the committee's concerns. One day Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan came to watch the hearings, stood at the door for a few minutes, and then left. One could not help wondering how he would have handled North and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams. After the first revelations of the whole affair, he said powerfully that the ultimate cause of the wrongs was the importation into the White House of men representing an ideology.

THERE WAS much steady questioning by some members of the committee. Representative Louis Stokes, Democrat of Ohio, however unexciting his manner, usually drove at some useful point, and as often as not reached it. He pressed at the major issue of where responsibility and accountability were supposed to lie. As in much of the hearings, the questioning was patient and extended, trying to pin down the truth among witnesses who left the committee, as Inouye said to Edwin Meese at the end, with the primary problem of credibility: whose version to believe. Senator William Cohen, Republican of Maine, did a commendable job in the difficult role as a critic of the administration's behavior who wished at the same time to be seen as a loyal Republican. There were those who gave one the creeps: Representative Michael DeWine, Republican of Ohio, who with his first words at each appearance put on a sincere face that he seemed to keep on his desk. Senator Paul Trible, Republican of Virginia, made Republicans as well as Democrats sick as he slid about from day to day trying to play on both teams. He seemed unable to ask a question without protesting his fairness. "Admiral Poindexter, I want to be very fair. I took these words down and they are your words. And I would simply repeat and ask . . ." "Thank you. Thank you," he said to Poindexter's answer. This worm was given a place on the committee by the Republican Party to bolster his campaign for reelection next year. He may have torpedoed his chances.

Then we come to Senator Warren Rudman, the Senate vice chairman of the committee. We always came to him. He had done his homework, he had listened, he had some good and tough questions, especially for a Republican. But in his grandstanding he forfeited a lot of the advantage he might have reaped. In one brief passage with Meese, he began three questions in succession: "My question's a simple one. . . . I want to get to that point right there. . . . I want to ask you what I think is probably the single most important question we can ask." He told us what our opinion of him should be. It should be high. More surreptitiously than Hyde, he played to the camera, and wrote his own reviews.

IT WAS almost impossible to find one of these prefatory self-indulgences to any question from Senator George Mitchell, Democrat of Maine, who by general agreement certainly enhanced his reputation, helping any challenge he may make to succeed Robert Byrd as Democratic leader in the Senate. In his questions and even summation, "I" was all but absent, and both were stated with a model leanness. Unlike some of the younger members, who stood out as products of the new election politics of pollsters and direct mailing, Mitchell is the son of a janitor who came up through the state Democratic Party in Maine, becoming its chairman even before he was appointed a judge. Though soft-spoken and almost professorial, he can be a combative partisan Democrat, and seemed personally affronted by the whole philosophy of the Reagan administration.

Hamilton was most impressive in his summations, especially in his magisterial rebuke to North, which was remarkable not only for its statement of the underlying principles of the Constitution and the right conduct of public servants in a democracy, but because he showed that the deals had not achieved even one of North's aims. Inouye had a hard task as chairman, and has taken criticism from all sides, including the racial slurs from the right. Many think he was sometimes too tough; he seemed to me too lenient with some witnesses and committee members. He was certainly mistaken to give so many post-hearing interviews on television, and to speak so freely in them. But his main fault seemed to be that he had no clear idea of the objectives of the committee.

Still, the committee succeeded in building a very de-

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tailed narrative for the public. It discovered things we did not know before, and above all pinpointed the areas in which we are still and may forever be ignorant. As Meese said in his answer to one question, the fact that William Casey was "not available to give testimony" was "probably more profound than even immunity or the oath" in determining how much we know. Unlike Watergate, the Iran-*contra* dealings spread throughout the entire political system, and to its very heart. They distorted and derailed every relationship that is intended both to assist in the formation of sensible policies and to avoid as far as possible the decisions that can lead to calamity.

It seems possible to predict that the committee's report will be formidable, towering over Tower. On the classic constitutional issue of the relationship between the executive and the legislature, it will speak with authority. This was not a concern of the Tower Commission. It was rightly a major concern of the committee, because since the damage wrought by Vietnam, Congress has gone out of its way to try to restore some trust and balance between the two branches. In writing its report, the committee will certainly clarify the issue of accountability and responsibility. It should also consider the words of Senator William Fulbright 20 years ago: "We have tended to snoop and pry in matters of detail, interfering in the handling of specific problems. . . . At the same time we have resigned from our responsibility in the shaping of policy and the defining of its purposes."

And what to do about it.

WHY AMERICANS DON'T VOTE

BY ROBERT KUTTNER

THE UNIVERSAL vote is both the essence of political democracy and its most jarringly radical aspect. When people from all economic walks of life have an equal say in governance, ordinary power relationships are transformed. Some people, by dint of wealth, education, or position, normally enjoy more influence than others. Yet in the electoral realm, these deep economic and social inequalities are supposedly neutralized by the egalitarian logic of one person-one vote.

Not surprisingly, modern democracies experience a tension between these two sets of logic—the economic and the political. The tension is evident whenever campaign contributions buy votes, whenever family fortunes win elections, whenever the political power of have-nots takes something of economic value from the haves, or whenever wide differences in voting participation exist between different races or social classes. The tension is especially acute in the United States, which is both the most durably democratic of nations and the most fiercely capitalist of the democracies. Ours is also the democracy where the fewest citizens bother to vote. In the 1986 election, voting turnout as a fraction of the adult population, about 38 percent, was the lowest since the wartime election of 1942. In states outside the South, it was the lowest since 1798.

One of the most consistent findings of voting research in America is that when voting participation falls off, it is the poorer, less educated people who stop voting, and that the inclination of low-status people to stay home has much to do with their greater cynicism about whether civic participation can make much difference in their lives. Among the wealthiest fifth of citizens, about 75 percent of eligible voters turned out in recent presidential elections. Among the poorest fifth, less than 40 percent voted. In effect, upper-middle-class and well-educated Americans still turn out to vote at near-European levels. The decay in our civic culture has been mainly at the bottom.

As a matter of practice, most politicians do not care very much about the general level of political participation. They care about getting their own likely supporters to the polls. And most well-educated and affluent Americans seem to harbor an intuitive belief that if poorly educated, lower-class people (who are probably not well informed on the issues anyway) do not bother to vote, that is a kind of natural purgative. "Voting ought to be a little bit difficult" is an axiomatic rejoinder to those who call for easier registration and more nearly universal voting. People with the purest of democratic souls catch themselves saying words to the effect of: voting is a privilege, not a right.

In a democracy, of course, voting is a right—even for the unwashed, the ill-informed, and the mean-spirited. Though it may seem counterintuitive, it is the political participation of all social classes that helps build political community and social cohesion. But the narrowing of the franchise makes it easier for the inegalitarian market to coexist with the egalitarian polity, because it reduces the political influence of the less well-off. This phenomenon is especially vivid in the United States, despite our deeply democratic origins as a nation of scant class differences and our liberty-loving spirit.

The Founding Fathers, after all, gave us a Republic. A republic is generally defined as an indirect and qualified democracy. The early Federalists worried as much about

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the tyranny of majorities as the tyranny of elites, putting all kinds of constraints into their Constitution, including the well-known checks and balances, as well as the indirect election of presidents and senators. Most of the fathers of the federal Republic also presumed a fairly limited franchise. Though states determined the eligibility of voters, property qualifications were then the norm. In elections of the late 18th century, less than five percent of adults constituted the typical electorate.

It was only in the populist Jacksonian era that the somewhat patrician Republic began evolving into a more universalist and raucous Democracy. Gradually property qualifications fell, and "universal manhood suffrage" was the cry of the early populists. According to Walter Dean Burnham of MIT, the leading student of voting participation and social class, voting participation began rising dramatically in the 1820s. By the 1830s it was already higher than it is in most states today. Between 1848 and 1896, roughly 75 percent of eligible voters voted.

But as participation increased, so did epic voting fraud, especially in large cities. As the rabble was drawn into partisan politics, electoral abuse became flagrant. According to the historian Joseph P. Harris, in a charming 1929 volume recapitulating earlier histories of voting, "Hoodlums were rounded up and lodged for a night or so in various lodging houses or cheap hotels and then registered from all of them. On the day of the election, gangs of 'repeaters' were hauled from precinct to precinct and voted under different names. Sometimes the same persons would vote several times at each precinct, changing coats and hats between times."

The system responded with a variety of restraints, such as literacy requirements and voter registration systems. Some of these had only the most purely civic intentions. Often, however, the evident purpose was not only to eliminate fraud but to restore the narrower franchise of the earlier Republic. By the 1880s most states had some form of voter registration. The Civil War gave Southern states one more good reason to erect barriers to voting. Complex "literacy" requirements, poll taxes, grandfather clauses, and the like became normal in much of the South, to restrict the Negro vote. Elsewhere there were tighter residency restrictions and repeated re-registration requirements, with periodic "purges" to rid the rolls of dead people (and also people who had moved, or had failed to vote in the last election). In this cumbersome and politically unique legacy, civic purpose and patrician purpose are hard to disentangle. But by the turn of the 20th century, populist America paradoxically had erected a series of subtle and overt barriers that gradually reduced the voting participation of society's lower classes.

RESTORING BROADER voting participation, as a civic goal or even as a partisan one, strikes many citizens as a ho-hum, League of Women Voters sort of issue. Jimmy Carter's proposal for easier voter registration roused little support. The last time voter registration pervaded the national consciousness was during the civil rights struggles of the 1960s, and then only as a racial equity issue. By 1984 black and white voting turnout rates were very nearly equal, while participation among poorer people of both races continued to decline.

In recent years a number of liberal and social reform groups have perceived a connection between low voting turnout of lower-class voters and the current conservative tilt of recent American politics. But among most politicians enthusiasm for broader voter registration efforts has remained lukewarm, even among partisan and liberal Democrats. Linda Davidoff, the director of one such voter-mobilization group called Human-SERVE (Human Service Employees' Voter Registration and Education), says, "The [national] Democratic Party wants the working class to vote, but not necessarily in this election in my district. A lot of elected officials cannot stand the idea of people being allowed to register on election day, for example, because that means a whole bunch of new voters coming out of the woodwork. And if people up in Harlem vote, then you have to go up there and campaign at them, on their issues. If they don't vote, you can stay in more familiar territory."

HUMAN-SERVE was formed in 1983, the brainchild of two activist-scholars, Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward, who have spent two decades working on welfare rights movements and similar efforts to increase the political organization and participation of the poor. They arrived, finally, at the most fundamental political act of all: voting. Their initial plan was that the voting participation of the poor might be increased dramatically if workers at human service agencies, such as welfare and food stamp offices, were put in the business of voter registration. The idea was unveiled before the 1984 election, endorsed by 30 organizations of human-service professionals, as well as the National League of Cities, representing mayors. A few venturesome governors—in Texas, Ohio, New York, and New Mexico, among others—issued orders permitting registration at welfare offices, but did so reluctantly. For the plan seemed to confirm the most lurid conservative stereotypes of a symbiosis between the welfare state and its dependent clients. Welfare workers, in this view, were the modern counterpart of Professor Harris's corrupt ward heelers. Welfare recipients were the modern "hoodlums," being "voted" by those with a partisan interest in electing tax-and-spend liberals. Even worse, the whole scheme reinforced the awkward image of the Democratic Party as an alliance between professional do-gooders and the undeserving, dependent poor.

The 1984 voter registration drive, by Human-SERVE and by several groups sponsored by liberal foundations, was a modest success, registering millions of new voters, mostly minority and poor. After 1984 Human-SERVE moved to a higher and more sophisticated ground, operating as a national lobby to reduce systematically barriers to voting, and leaving mobilization and direct organizing to others. The group promotes a shrewd concept, pioneered more than a decade ago in Michigan, dubbed "Motor-Voter." The idea is that you should get certified as a voter at the same time that you get certified to drive a car. This nicely

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takes the pro-welfare sting out of the project; and in fact driving as a function of social class is slightly skewed away from the urban poor, though far less skewed than current voting proclivities. "What could be more American than driving a car?" asks Davidoff.

Well, voting could be. Motor-Voter has recently been adopted by Arizona, Iowa, Minnesota, Nevada, and Colorado. Under the Nevada and the Colorado versions, which took effect in 1985, it is not even necessary for the applicant to fill out a separate form. The driver simply checks off a box on the license application or renewal form, indicating that he or she wishes to be enlisted as a qualified voter. In its first year motor-voter was credited with adding 140,000 new voters to Colorado's rolls, increasing the number of registered voters by 11 percent. Elsewhere Human-SERVE has sought to promote postcard registration (now in effect in 23 states) and election day registration, long established in Wisconsin, Maine, and Minnesota.

California Senator Alan Cranston has proposed legislation to establish minimal federal standards for state election systems, which would include public agency registration programs such as Motor-Voter, mail-in registration, and election day registration. The proposed federal law would also prohibit certain practices, such as automatically purging citizens from the rolls when they skip an election.

Though working-class voters, especially white voters, have not seemed especially liberal in recent years, it turns out that the perceived "liberalism" or "conservatism" of lower-income voters depends largely on the issue. Survey data and focus group research generally confirm that even socially conservative white working-class voters (when they vote) are reliably liberal on economic issues, in the sense that they welcome activist government interventions on their behalf. Historically, the Democratic Party has been ascendant when its ability to deliver economic benefits to a working- and middle-class base stimulated broad voting turnout, built secure political loyalties, and purchased some running room for the party's more cosmopolitan views on social questions, which otherwise alienate many working-class voters.

Exit polls on Election Day 1986 (asking voters of different backgrounds how they voted) generally revealed that the historic correlation between class and party persists. Richer people still generally support Republicans, poorer ones Democrats. In Georgia, for example, the incumbent Republican senator, Mack Mattingly, swept the white upper-income vote, by a margin of 72 to 28. But Democratic challenger Wyche Fowler was able to gain the votes of 46 percent of whites from households earning $25,000 or less, plus a healthy majority of blacks, and to win the election. The tendency to vote for the progressive candidate goes up as income goes down—but the tendency to vote at all goes down.

THREE FACTORS explain low American voter turnouts. The first is the characteristically American fear of the State. In other democracies, where the state routinely keeps a roster of citizens, their addresses, occupations, and so on, there is no such thing as "registration" to vote. Despite the fact that several federal agencies keep rosters of citizens, including the IRS, the Social Security Administration, Selective Service, and the Census Bureau, the idea of a federal responsibility for a universal registry of voters seems to frighten libertarian Americans, or to evoke more ghosts of Tammany. This is ironic, of course, since it would be the surest remedy to concerns about hoodlums and voter fraud that are ostensibly the reason behind the archaic registration systems.

The second reason has to do with social class and political party. It is a staple of political science literature that parties are essential mechanisms for mobilizing lower-status citizens to participate politically. Parties deliver benefits and identities to voters, and deliver voters to polls. The American version of this tradition departs dramatically from the European. The United States, in the famous phrase of the historian Louis Hartz, was "born free," with democratic institutions and relatively scant differences of social class. Much of Europe, on the other hand, fought for basic republican principles and greater class equality almost simultaneously. It understandably developed stronger institutions of class representation, such as trade unions and labor parties, which do a more systematic job of mobilizing lower status voters.

Finally, most of the other democracies have some form of proportional representation in their parliaments. Proportional representation has many variations, but the common idea is to divide parliamentary representation according to the total nationwide vote. One effect is to assure all voters that their vote will "count," even if they happen to live in jurisdictions dominated by another party. Many Americans live in virtually one-party states, or are represented by hopelessly safe incumbents. If you happen to live in such a place, voting can seem futile. Even so, elimination of registration barriers could probably increase our voting turnout to the 75 percent range typical of the United States in the 19th century, and of Britain and Canada today.

The decay of civic participation is a circular problem. People stop voting because they feel they can't make a difference, and then the entire political system seems somebody else's property. Frustrations build up outside the system, and the system needn't respond to them because they are not being articulated politically. Though it seems just as well that the ill-informed and the poorly motivated stay home, in fact a better informed citizenry is probably as much the product of a more active electorate as a precondition. A narrow base of political participation, by definition, corrodes democracy itself. The idea that everybody, credentialed or not, gets to participate is the most wonderful and audacious thing about democracy.

The populist aspect of America's heritage is often only latent, but it can ignite in surprising ways. The revival of tax reform produced the deathbed conversion of one special interest politician after another, and the collapse of the special interests themselves. Taxpayers vote. Anyway, some of them do, and it would be very salutary for American democracy if more of us did. □

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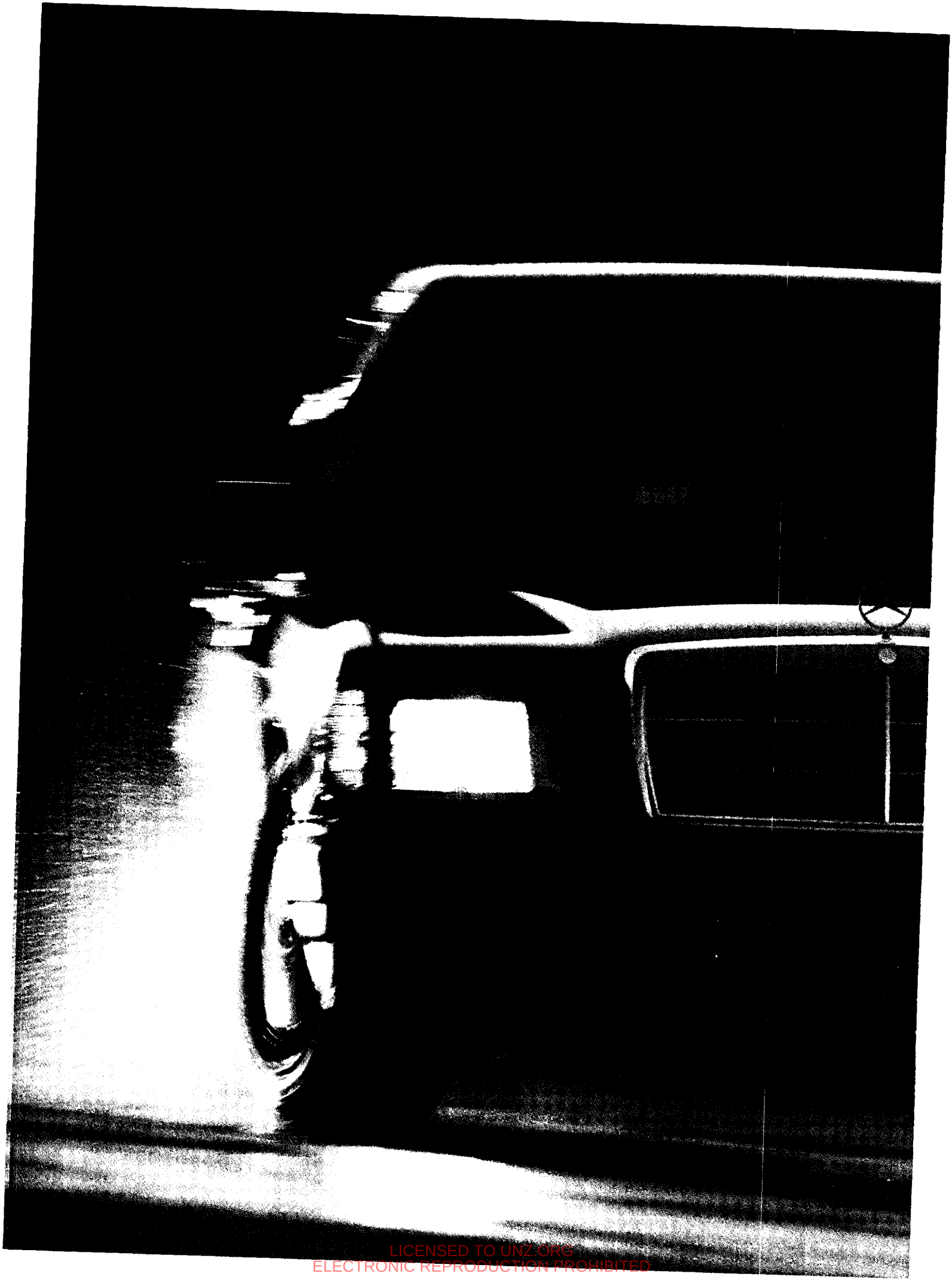

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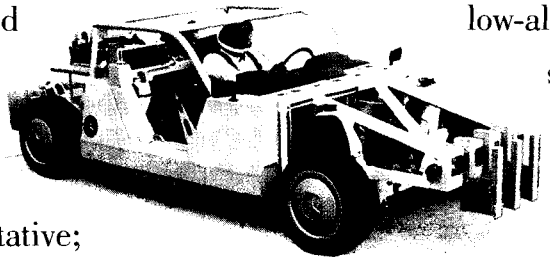

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Way It Was

"The first person who changes the script from an abstraction to acetate is the cameraman," said Haskell Wexler, one of the best of cameramen. John Sayles is lucky that Wexler is the cameraman who "changed" his script for *Matewan* because the look of the film is its strongest feature. The story, based on fact, is about bloody labor strife in a West Virginia coal-mining town called Matewan in 1920. Wexler makes the story doubly affecting: to the harsh facts, he adds poignancy of setting. The film was shot in a town not far from the present-day Matewan, a town stripped down and dressed up by the designer, Nora Chavooshian, to put it in period. Wexler has made the town and the countryside look idyllic.

Matewan
(Cinecom)
Who's That Girl
(Warner Bros.)

The end of American innocence is a perennial subject. (Oscar Wilde said that youth is America's oldest tradition.) By 1920, after a world war, American innocence was getting a bit long in the tooth. The idea of a union, of a union organizer, was no longer a startling breach in the old order. Still, the arrival of the "modern," symbolized by a union organizer who brings both benefits and changes, is seen by Wexler as harsh necessity arriving to alter old ways, even the old look of things. The town had much misery and needed change, but Wexler's eye sees that change never comes without cost. Some of the shots, like one of a dirt road leading steeply up a wooded hill from the railroad tracks, are softly nostalgic even as we realize that nostalgia is a snare.

Sayles of course had much to do with all this: first he scouted locations, then he selected Wexler and conferred with him continually about the visual tone. (Sayles tells of the experience of making *Matewan* in a book forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin called *Thinking in Pictures*, which includes the shooting script.) But his screenplay needed all the "changes" that Wexler gave it. Sayles chose the most accessible, almost facile shape for his material: the coming of a union organizer to help the oppressed miners; his trouble in persuading the people who need his help to accept it; the battles with scabs; the falterings; the climactic showdown. This is not categorically a bad shape: it is also the shape of a masterwork, Mario Monicelli's *The Organizer*. The chief difference between the two films is in richness of character—in writing and in acting. Also, Sayles loads his film with pat contrivances (word arrives just in time to save a supposed defector from execution) and some sorry blotches of sentimentality.

Most of the actors get little more to do throughout their roles than they give us in their first minutes. They establish a few qualities, then keep supplying them: the staunch but pacific organizer, the taciturn widow who runs the boardinghouse, the stalwart police chief, the two thugs hired by the coal company. In his book Sayles recounts how he tried to deepen the characters and even reproduces a page of notes he gave one of the thugs. Still, the thug comes out with less finesse than the Jack Palance character in *Shane*.

Some of the script is peculiar. A huge black man, played by James Earl Jones, rides into town with other blacks in a trainload of scabs, who are attacked by striking miners; he later appears at a union meeting, resents being called a scab, and says he has never been one. Why else was he brought to Matewan? Some Italian immigrants are also brought in as scabs. Why do both the blacks and the Italians become union supporters? No adequate reason is given. Brotherhood is more contrived than convincing: when an Italian is playing a homeland tune on his mandolin, he is joined by a native fiddler and a harmonica player. (There's also an unlikely glimpse of the principal Italian, shown to be devoutly Catholic, attending a Baptist service.)

The cast is generally adequate without being impressive. The most powerful actor, Jones, is the most oddly cast. He is monstrously fat. How did a hard-pressed miner get that fat? And into what mine shaft would he fit? Another odd piece of casting is Josh Mostel as the mayor of Matewan. Mostel, who comes on like an affable Bronx delicatessen owner, is a bit hard to believe as the mayor of a West Virginia mining town in 1920. The most telling character that Sayles has written is the boardinghouse keeper's 14-year-old son—movingly played by Will Oldham—who is already at work in the mines and who has the gift of preaching, which he shows in the Baptist church. The adult that boy eventually became is given a few voice-over reminiscences, to lend rue to the story and to fill in some subsequent facts—a device that John Ford and Philip Dunne used in an earlier coal-mining film, *How Green Was My Valley*.

The ambition to make a film about labor history is admirable because this country is historically amnesiac, and nowhere more so than in the grim field of union struggles. (Try asking a 25-year-old who John L. Lewis and Walter Reuther were, to go no further back.) Films like *Matewan* remind us that most of labor's rights and privileges casually expected today were bought with dreadful

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Rita, Sue and Bob Too. In depressed Britain today, two undepressed teenage girls romp zestily with a married man. *Room at the Top* becomes *More Room at the Bottom*. (Reviewed 8/10&17/87)

Roxanne. Steve Martin amazes—and, gad, charms—as a modern-day Cyrano de Bergerac in a script he wrote himself. Wonders *will* never cease. (6/29/87)

The Untouchables. An old meat-and-potatoes gangster movie done in nouvelle cuisine. Al Capone and Eliot Ness, Chicago 1930. Bloody but entertaining. (6/22/87)

Wish You Were Here. Emily Lloyd high-handedly fine as a teenage English girl, 1951, who makes trouble for herself and others—and doesn't much care. The ending is a bit "happied up"; still, there's comic truth along the way. (8/3/87)

SK

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suffering. But Sayles's film, though quite easily his best, lacks anything like the grip of Monicelli's. What I'll mainly remember is Wexler's use of lamplight in nighttime interiors, of silver-green hues in nighttime exteriors, of the lovely early morning light in which the last terrible battle is fought.

Isn't there anyone else on the planet as weary of car chases as I am? I'm now convinced that when producers plan a film, they first decide on how many car chases there will be and where to spot them. In the past week I've seen three films, all of them with chases: *Nadine*, *No Way Out*, and *Who's That Girl*. When a chase begins, I try hard to blank out the action until it's over, thinking of the money that the stuntmen were able to bring home to their families. In no chase is anyone ever hurt, nor are there any consequences. For instance, in *No Way Out* a naval officer barrels around a freeway outside Washington and deliberately causes an accident. The end. Nothing follows from it. He gets in other kinds of trouble for other things he does, but no traffic police ever turn up nor do any of the owners of the battered cars. And this chase, like so many others, occurs in a supposedly veristic story. Selective realism strikes again.

The best of the three films, *Who's That Girl*, is one more reworking of an idea that wasn't new in *Something Wild*: a nerd gets entangled with a shady lady and discovers his and her true selves. This time it's meant to be funny, and occasionally it is. Griffin Dunne, beginning to be appreciated after his subtle work in *Almost You* and *After Hours*, is a twerpy lawyer engaged to his boss's daughter. The boss asks him to make sure that a dangerous young woman (with whom the older man is mixed up) leaves town after her release from prison. We know at once she's not going to; we find out how and why. We also know the lawyer's engagement will be broken, and we learn about that, too.

The script, by Andrew Smith and Ken Finkleman, could have been written for Bette Midler, who would have been better as the tough-but-honest heroine. Madonna, who plays the part, is much more limited in every way. She's superficially effective, but she has a hard time doing partially what Midler does easily and well: suggesting that there's more to her than the brassiness. Some of the plot is clever; so is much of the dialogue. With a better supporting cast for Dunne and sharper pacing, the laughs on the page might have reached the screen. □

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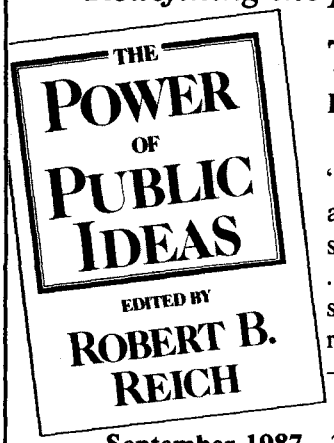

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How the right and the left have defeated democracy in Chile.

GOING TO EXTREMES

BY MARK FALCOFF

TODAY CHILE IS careening, quietly and in a carefully planned way, toward the greatest political catastrophe of its history. Within the next year or so, its people will be permitted to decide by plebiscite whether or not to accept a president proposed to them by their ruling military junta. If the vote is "yes," the country will enter into an eight-year term under a radically undemocratic constitution, to be enforced by a military-dominated "national security council." If the vote is "no," a competitive election will be held a year later, and the winner, who is bound to be a member of the present opposition, will have to uphold the rules of a political system in which, presumably, he will not believe.

But Chile's political dilemma is even simpler, and more dangerous. In the coming plebiscite, the candidate of the junta will inevitably be the present chief of state, Gen. Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. The vote, then, *must* be "yes," because the junta cannot afford to have it any other way. For at this moment in Chile's history the stakes are too high to risk an uncertain outcome. Much blood has been shed. Thirteen years into one of the cruelest military dictatorships in the history of Latin America, the victors are perhaps even more frightened of the future than are the vanquished. In spite of the serious doubts that many Chilean generals and admirals are known to harbor about the personality of General Pinochet, about his capacity to withstand honest electoral scrutiny (opinion polls give him between 15 percent and 20 percent of the vote), and in spite, too, of their reluctance to participate in an electoral fraud, the armed forces of Chile will go along with Pinochet's designs.

Never mind that a fraud at the polls will further polarize their society, render it ungovernable, and gradually discredit the forces of the center. Never mind that the real beneficiaries of the exercise will only be those from whom Pinochet and his generals have always claimed to rescue their country: the Communists and their allies on the violent left. Of course there is always the possibility that the Chilean army will come alive to its own narrow institutional self-interest and take action against Pinochet, thus sparing itself the fate of the officer classes of Cuba and Nicaragua. But the chance is remote. This is a Prussianized, professional, vertically organized military, which will march blindly off the precipice of history and take an entire country with it.

Clandestine in Chile: The Adventures of Miguel Littín
by Gabriel García Márquez
translated by Asa Zatz
(Henry Holt, 116 pp., $13.95)

Military Rule in Chile: Dictatorship and Oppositions
edited by J. Samuel Valenzuela and Arturo Valenzuela
(Johns Hopkins University Press, 331 pp., $35)

Memorias: Testimonio de un soldado
by Carlos Prats González
(Santiago de Chile: Editorial Pehuén, 610 pp.)

Weavers of Revolution: The Yarur Workers and Chile's Road to Socialism
by Peter Winn
(Oxford University Press, 328 pp., $19.95)

The National Economic Policies of Chile
edited by Gary M. Walton
(Jai Press, 238 pp., $52.50)

I.

THE CHILEAN CRISIS has been long in coming. Fixing its origin depends wholly upon one's ideological or historiographic preferences. Still, some generalizations can be made. Between 1938 and 1973 the Chilean economy performed at best indifferently, often much worse. Inflation, unemployment, distortions of the market, vast asymmetries of wealth and poverty all fought at cross-purposes with a political culture that was distinguished by civility, order, and tolerance, and marked, too, by widening participation, particularly after 1958, when the rural electorate was finally guaranteed the secret ballot. (In 1964 women could vote for the first time.) However, populism in Chile never fully succeeded—as it did in neighboring Argentina—in creating political bridges between the rich, the middle class, and the poor; between the city and the countryside; between the Catholics and the non-believers.

This was reflected in the fact that only one president elected since 1952—the Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei (1964-70)—received an absolute majority. Even his 56 percent was possible only because the right, terrified of Socialist Salvador Allende, channeled its votes to the lesser of two evils. Allende himself finally won on his fourth try in 1970. He was the first Marxist chief of state freely elected anywhere in the world—but only because of a three-way contest in which his own Popular Unity coalition (Socialist, Communist, and other, smaller parties) edged out the candidate of the right, Jorge Alessandri, by less than two percentage points.

The causes of Allende's failure to complete his term—a collapse that brought the entire democratic system down with him—is the subject of one of the longest-running controversies of recent history. Because of the evident involvement of the United States, the fall of Allende has become central to the "revisionist" indictment of postwar American foreign policy. It is certainly true that Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger made a serious attempt to prevent Allende from taking power in 1970, and also that the CIA covertly funded opposition newspapers, radio stations, and electoral activities in 1971, '72, and '73. Evidently there would have been no coup from the right without American assistance. (Though Chile's pluralist democracy might just as easily have fallen prey to the machinations of the Leninist left; the survival of a free press in Chile in 1973 was due not to the good intentions of the Allende government, which was busily expropriating independent sources of advertising and distribution, but to the generosity of foreign funders.) But even the Church committee, which

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investigated these matters in 1973, '74, and '75, was forced to conclude that there was no American involvement in the coup itself.

In Chile—as opposed to the circles of Chilean exiles and their political allies abroad—the American role has never been regarded as central to the failure of the Popular Unity experiment. Most Chileans prefer to place Allende within the more parochial but more pertinent context of their own national politics. They see him not as a martyred, world-historical revolutionary, but as an ordinary politician who pushed (or allowed himself to be pulled) further and faster to the left than public opinion, the economic system, and the international context would permit. In the process he shattered what appears to have been a remarkably fragile political consensus.

THE PRICE of this lesson has been high. Chile was once a nation known for its poets, painters, scholars, and parliamentarians; its public life is now afflicted by an obscurantism reminiscent of Franco's Spain, a country it resembles in a number of respects.

In one way, though, Chile is not like Franco's Spain at all: it has an opposition press, including two new daily newspapers, *La Epoca* and *Fortín Mapocho*; its book publishing industry is relatively uncensored; Chilean scholars, social scientists, and politicians travel abroad constantly and (to the chagrin of their government) receive subsidies, grants, and fellowships —from European political parties, the United Nations, and now, also, from our own National Endowment for Democracy—with which they have founded their own research institutes to carry on serious work free of supervision by the military-appointed rectors and intervenors that dominate the national university. The result is that whereas most of the serious academic work by Spaniards on their country in the 1950s and '60s had to be published in France, democratic Chile has been able to reconstitute its intellectual life at home. This is one of the few really promising signs on the political horizon.

This crucial distinction will be missed by those who rely on Gabriel García Márquez's little pamphlet *Clandestine in Chile*. It describes the adventures of agit-prop filmmaker Miguel Littín, an exile since 1973, who slipped into the country unnoticed for a few weeks in 1985, made a film, and then returned to Spain. The publisher boasts on the dust jacket that 15,000 copies of García Márquez's book, published in Colombia, were confiscated and burned in Chile by Pinochet's Interior Ministry. Perhaps, but one cannot help wondering why. Far more potentially subversive books have been published in Chile and sold there. Nor is Littín's militant filmmaking unique in Chile: John Dinges's *By Reason or Force*, shown on public television in the United States, was made there in 1983, and another such effort, made under circumstances similar to Dinges's, *Chile: Hasta Cuando?*, was recently exhibited in New York. The number of Chileans who cannot return to their country—5,000 at the time of Littín's visit—has dropped below 1,000, although Pinochet's indulgences are often more readily available these days to communists than to democratic socialists. This point illustrates the complexities of the Chilean political and cultural scene: repression is selective and often irregular; and Communists are both feared and needed.

A SAMPLE OF the best kind of work being done within the country by independent, democratic scholars appears in *Military Rule in Chile: Dictatorship and Oppositions*, edited by two Chilean-American academics, J. Samuel Valenzuela of Harvard University and Arturo Valenzuela of Georgetown University. The essays illuminate the sui generis nature of the Chilean dictatorship, an ugly hybrid that combines Hispanic military personalism with a Chilean penchant for legalism. Almost alone among military dictators in the history of Latin America, Pinochet has been driven by a desire to build enduring authoritarian institutions. This explains his constant resort to plebiscites (there have been two since 1973), and the proliferation of councils and official study groups of fascist lawyers, busily plotting Chile's political future down to the last detail. Nothing could be further from the drunken improvisations of Gen. Leopoldo Galtieri in Argentina than the clever, casuistic logic of the Chilean Constitution of 1980.

Like most authoritarian regimes of the right, the Chilean government is anti-political, rather than just anti-Communist. Pinochet himself has argued in his autobiography, *The Decisive Day*, which appeared in 1980, that democracy almost inevitably leads to communism, since moderate and even conservative politicians are so hungry for power that they will strike bargains

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with anyone who seems to promise a few more votes. Thus "politics" of any kind is something from which the Chilean people have to be protected. Left to their own devices, the Chileans are bound to stumble into some form of Marxism-Leninism.

The Valenzuelas refute such views. With a wealth of data going back to the 1930s, they destroy once and for all the lingering notions that (1) the rise of the left is closely associated with widening political participation; (2) the fortunes of the left are closely tied to its appeal to the impoverished sectors of society; (3) government economic policies, by dramatically changing the economy, will erode the bases of support for political parties; (4) the Chilean party system consists of cadres and militants who have few roots in society. In fact, they maintain, if the Chilean people are preternaturally drawn toward any political system at all, it would seem to be bourgeois democracy, or rather bourgeois social democracy.

A recent poll (May 1986) conducted by FLACSO, a Santiago think tank associated with the socialist party, corroborates and enriches the Valenzuelas' argument. It shows that the largest single segment of Chilean opinion, 33 percent, defines itself as "center"; an additional 23 percent as "center-right" or "right"; 21 percent as "center-left"; and a mere 13 percent as "left." One way of interpreting these figures is to compare them with actual election results in the past. Combine center, center-right, and right, and you have 56 percent, which is precisely the percentage Eduardo Frei received in 1964. Similarly, combine left and center-left, and you have 34 percent, which is less than three percentage points short of the plurality Allende received in 1970. Moreover, in the parliamentary elections in 1973, which were the last elections held in Chile, the Popular Unity list received 44 percent, and its combined conservative-Christian Democratic opponent 56 percent.

In sum, despite the presumptive radicalization of a new generation by widespread unemployment, state terror, and the periodic paroxysms of repression, the center of ideological gravity in Chile remains what it was 25 years ago: overwhelmingly at, well, the center. The problem for Chile, then, has been its inability to translate its broader trends into effective political expressions. Too many individual parties have been trying to occupy the same political space. But as the Valenzuelas point out, prior to 1973, and over many years, "All Chilean parties had heterogeneous bases of support and drew the bulk of their voters from the poorer sections of society." This Chilean center is somewhat to the left of its equivalent in the United States. But it is not Marxist-Leninist by a long shot. In 1972-73, when genuine Marxism made its first and only emergence in Chile, the vast majority of Chileans stoutly opposed it, including many who considered themselves "progressive." Some even found themselves dreaming of, or begging for, a military coup.

II.

A COUP SEEMED an unlikely prospect in the early 1970s. Almost alone among Latin American nations, Chile possessed genuinely resilient political institutions and a tradition of civilian control of the military. Between the 1820s and 1973, there were only three episodes of serious military involvement in politics: the civil war of 1891 (in which the army and navy divided), a brief episode in 1924-25, and the dictatorship of Col. (later General) Carlos Ibáñez del Campo in 1931-32. The first two were the consequence of divisions within the civilian political community; the last was an outgrowth of the depression, which hit Chile with a force unequaled almost anywhere in the world. When Ibáñez stepped down in 1931, fleeing the country and leaving it much the worse for his efforts, an entire generation of cadets and young officers resolved never again to surrender the prestige of their institutions to the intrigues of civilian politicians.

Certain long-term trends reinforced the army's withdrawal from politics. Between the 1880s and the First World War, the Chilean army was trained by German officers, from whom it absorbed the tradition of obedience to superiors. More to the point, political leadership in Chile proved capable of resolving most of the problems that invited (or facilitated) military intervention in other Latin American countries. In addition, after 1932 it was the militarized national police—the Carabineros, modeled on Spain's Civil Guard—that took over the unlovely task of putting down strikes, riots, and other disorders. Finally, in the nearly 40 years prior to Allende's inauguration, most administrations dealt severely with military intrigue and insubordination. Thus civilian supremacy was a working Chilean tradition as late as 1970. The Church committee discovered that the CIA found it almost impossible to recruit officers for a "constitutional coup" against Allende.

Yet only three years later civilian-military relations in Chile had altered beyond all recognition. Part of that story is told in the remarkable memoirs of Gen. Carlos Prats González, who served as Allende's army chief, minister of interior, and minister of defense from 1971 to 1973. Slightly more than two weeks before the coup on September 11, 1973, Prats was forced into retirement by his colleagues. After the fall of Allende, he was permitted by Pinochet to go into exile in Buenos Aires, where, a little more than a year after the coup, he and his wife were killed by a bomb. The case has never been solved.

AT THE TIME of his death, General Prats was known to be writing his memoirs. Finally published in Chile in 1985, they recapture the way the world looked to Chileans during the Allende years. Much of the book appears to be based on diaries, and near the end we are given the raw materials that Prats did not live to rewrite. (A final chapter of reflections is written in such a different style, and from so different a political point of view, that it raises serious questions as to whether it might not be the work of others; Prats's ghost, after all, is something of a political weapon.)

General Prats became the chief of the army late in 1970, as the result of the murder of Gen. René Schneider, who died resisting a kidnap attempt shortly before the Chilean Congress was scheduled to confirm Allende's electoral victory. (This episode was the result of covert efforts by the CIA, but it was so badly bungled that it strengthened the "constitutionalist" line in the army and assured rather than prevented Allende's inauguration.) Prats succeeded Schneider through seniority, not because of any particular confidence on the part of the president-elect, whom he had never met. But in the coming years he was to forge an extraordinarily close relationship with Allende, even acting as his vice-president when Allende went on a foreign tour in late 1972. What began as mere military professionalism and respect for the constitutional supremacy of civilian authority became something else over time.

In 1970, during the period between Allende's election in September and his inauguration in November, Schneider

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and Prats were suddenly invited to the homes of conservative politicians and retired military officers. The purpose, quite obviously, was to sound out the armed forces for some sort of action that would prevent the new president from taking office. Even after Schneider's death, which was traced to several retired officers and cast suspicion upon one or two high-ranking army commanders still on active duty, Prats thought that the number of "deliberative (politicized)" officers was small. The army's loyalty to the government continued in 1971 and most of 1972, but tensions were increasing. More officers began to speak out, though Prats was still able to keep his colleagues under control, disciplining those who violated the rule of non-partisanship. By late 1972, however, the Chilean political community had become so polarized by a national strike of the opposition that Allende was compelled to ask Prats and two other flag officers to enter his Cabinet to negotiate an understanding with the opposition.

AS INTERIOR MINISTER, Prats operated in a highly sensitive environment. Since the line between subversion and legitimate dissent kept shifting, there was resentment and confusion on both sides. The interior minister began to be attacked by adversaries of the government for taking advantage of his military position. Moreover, because much of what Allende or his followers did was of questionable legality at best, supporting the government came to signify a partisan political commitment with broad, even revolutionary, consequences.

There began a series of attacks on Prats by the opposition press—by all accounts a scurrilous affair, which seems to have pushed the general closer to the left, personally if not politically. More to the point, the unpopularity of the Allende regime, particularly with the middle class (from which most officers and their families came), eventually broke down the wall between the civilian and the military communities. Both Prats and his conservative colleagues became uniformed symbols of the conflict that was raging in the streets between different sectors of civil society.

Today it is easy to see how recklessly the opposition proceeded, particularly the Christian Democrats. Prats warned presciently that a military coup would solve nothing, that it would visit upon the country all of the evils that have, in fact, since descended upon it. Still, these memoirs remind us that at the time a military dictatorship of the right was only one—and not necessarily the most likely—of the possible outcomes. Across the Andes, Argentina was about to embark upon its third essay in messianic populism under Gen. Juan Perón; in Peru, to Chile's north, the armed forces had themselves seized control of the government in 1968 and were in the process of implementing a program remarkably similar to Allende's—right down to his land, tax, and industrial reforms (and with much the same results). Allende himself was not above courting the armed forces with a healthy increase in pay and allowances, which had fallen in serious arrears during the Christian Democratic period.

There was, in short, a genuine fear in the ranks of the opposition that Allende would achieve his objectives through an informal military putsch. Meanwhile, people like Senator Carlos Altamirano, Allende's rival for ideological hegemony in the Socialist Party, openly boasted of support in the army, particularly in the enlisted ranks. And in the last, overheated days of the regime, the pro-government daily *Puro Chile* even published an interview with a sergeant explaining how the NCOs could take over their units and run them without officers.

IN THE WEEKS before the coup itself, Santiago was rife with rumors that the armed forces were going to seize power and force Allende and the Christian Democrats to settle their differences, that the army would create a kind of Cabinet of national conciliation in which the service chiefs would participate. It now appears that the political gossips were not far off the mark: Prats explains that in August 1973 his colleagues in the navy and air force were suggesting a Cabinet of generals and "apolitical personalities"—a *golpe seco*, or dry coup. Prats believed, quite rightly, that Allende would never accept such an outcome. But by asking the military to provide him with ministers to close a gap with the opposition that he would not (or rather, could not) bridge by normal political means, was not Allende, too, suggesting a Socialist variation of the same?

Prats himself feared fratricidal bloodshed and the unraveling of civic life. He did not anticipate a full-dress neo-fascist state. He thought of Pinochet, who succeeded him as head of the army

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in late August 1973, as his closest professional friend; Pinochet appears in these pages as a loyal collaborator of the pro-government line until the very last moment. Indeed, as difficult as it is to believe now, few people at the time expected what finally happened. The army's place in politics had not yet been chillingly fixed.

III.

THE ALLENDE experience—or rather the memory of it—remains central to the politics of Chile, because upon it hinges the question of what democracy might mean in the future. Of course the self-serving Pinochet and his dwindling band of supporters insist that the events of the early 1970s prove that a politically unrestrained Chile will lurch into some sort of Marxism. The notion that the army is all that stands between Chile and communism is Pinochet's last, most desperate card, and perhaps his only one. But the same contemptible notion is peddled by the far left too—by the revolutionary wing of the Socialist Party under Clodomiro Almeyda, the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR), and the Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front. In its left-wing form, it has even more pernicious implications. For, to the extent that the far left's version of recent Chilean history is believed, it will push many moderate Chileans back in the direction of the dictatorship. And too many foreigners, safely tucked away in the democratic West, have joined this apocalyptic chorus.

They will get plenty of new material from Peter Winn's *Weavers of Revolution*. A case study of a textile mill before, during, and after Allende, it is also an attempt to write an entire history of the regime in miniature. The book starts out well enough; indeed, it makes a very valuable contribution to Chilean social history. Winn's account of labor relations under the old regime is based, like much else in his book, on extensive interviews. That his book is like an oral history gives it an immediacy and vividness of detail. Winn fleshes out what the workers (or their children) told him by consulting Chilean government documents, newspapers, and other printed sources, so that his picture seems convincing and complete.

The factory Winn studied was part of a textile empire founded by a Palestinian who immigrated to Chile via Bolivia in the 1930s. Juan Yarur was no philanthropist, but he was a man of vision, with a great practical gift. He treated his workers, most of whom were women who had recently come from the countryside, with a strong hand, combining draconian, Victorian-style labor discipline with a paternalistic interest in their welfare. Right to the day of Allende's election, the Yarur mills had only a company union (which was a fairly unusual situation in Chile for an enterprise of this scale, a point Winn does not mention).

The real change in the Yarur enterprise came with Juan's death in 1954 and the succession of Amador, one of his two sons. Like many a child of a great man, Amador never measured up; his management of the factory combined all of the exaggerated evils of Chilean capitalism with none of the ameliorating paternalistic tendencies of his father. Moreover, events outside the factory walls were slowly dooming the kind of economic entity Yarur represented. The Christian Democrats, elected in 1964, began to impose new or stricter regulations on health, safety, and maternity leave (causing the factory to hire more men and fewer women). And when Allende himself visited Yarur during the 1970 presidential campaign, he told Don Amador to his face, before a packed gathering of workers, that he intended to expropriate his property.

AFTER Allende's election, the Communist, Socialist, and other parties of the left began to feel more secure about attempting to organize an independent union. By 1971 they had accomplished this, as well as many improvements in pay, fringe benefits, and working conditions. Then, in late 1971, the more "advanced" workers in the independent union voted for a lengthy strike. Some of their leaders had made calculations: under existing Chilean labor law, the government was empowered to "requisition" a factory producing articles of prime necessity under certain circumstances, such as lockouts or strikes that could not be resolved by ordinary arbitration. And with a friendly government in power, a strike was the simplest, most expeditious way to "liberate" their factory. And so it was. Allende himself was far from pleased by this development, but eventually he bowed, under pressure from two of his ministers, to the workers' decision.

Why would Allende, who had already put the Yarurs on notice that they were due for expropriation, oppose ratifying such a fait accompli? The answer is that the president saw this sort of *toma*, or seizure, as a threat to his grand political strategy, which was to separate politically a handful of wealthy economic clans from the vast majority of middle-class Chileans, many of whom had voted for him expecting not socialism but soak-the-rich populism. The problem was not Yarur, but the threat "spontaneous" seizures represented to a legal, orderly transition to socialism, with minimal political fallout.

Allende himself was never convinced that the movement at Yarur that culminated in "requisitioning" the factory was spontaneous. He was right. Many workers did not understand that this was what they were voting for when they agreed to strike. But once the government ratified the intent of the labor leadership, a Pandora's box had been opened. Yarur was the first large enterprise effectively expropriated through artificially induced labor conflict. And far from confining themselves to obvious, easy targets like this one, the ultras of the Socialist Party and their allies to the left simply moved along a path of least resistance, in the process scaring to death the very social class that needed to be divided and neutralized. It was left to an increasingly hapless Allende to try to pick up the political pieces, which is why he found himself leaning so heavily upon General Prats.

VIRTUALLY ALL this information is provided by Winn, but through a heavy filter of high literary Trotskyism, so that the careful reader has to keep sorting out the facts from the special pleading. Ex-Yarur, as the expropriated enterprise became known, was supposedly one of the great success stories of Allende's Chile (though not, Winn says, the only one). It all depends on how you measure success. Doubtless at Yarur a union-run factory was administered more humanely than before. Still, it is an odd definition of a factory's success that ignores the loss of vast sums of money. Yarur and other similar factories ran huge deficits, forcing the government to print so much paper currency that it set off hyperinflation, thereby undermining its political base. Of course, by restricting socialism to a matter of politics and culture, with no reference whatever to economics, terms like "success" and "failure" lose any real meaning, except to people obsessed with power as an end in itself.

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Perhaps Winn's lyrical description of "workers' self-management" at Ex-Yarur is completely accurate. But it runs counter to almost everything discovered by all other students of the subject over the years. Yet worse than his precious, condescending prose style—a kind of parody of E. P. Thompson—is the manner in which he situates the Yarur experience in Chilean politics. For Winn, as for many Marxists, the "people" are that portion of the population that supports his agenda. Those who do not simply fail to figure in his account. Thus he writes off a substantial majority of Chileans who never voted for Allende or his coalition—few of whom, needless to say, possessed the wealth or social power of the Yarurs.

Nor is Marxism the only possible expression of political and economic reform in Chile. One would never guess from reading Winn's book that the Christian Democratic candidate in the 1970 elections, Radomiro Tomic, ran on a platform even more radical than Allende's, much less that his party had its own version of workers' self-management ("communitarianism"). Much of the difficulty between the Christian Democratic unions and workers and those controlled by the Socialist Party was produced by sectarianism and political exclusion, something Winn mentions only glancingly.

Moreover, to present the workers of Ex-Yarur as part of an independent force, a revolution "welling up from below," is to divert attention from the crucial conflict in Chile. That was the conflict *within* the Popular Unity government: between, on one side, the leaders of Allende's own party and their allies further to the left, who favored breaking with the bourgeois-democratic political system and seizing power at the earliest possible date, and, on the other, the president himself, the Communists, and the other non-Marxist parties of the governing coalition, who believed in consolidation and compromise.

Now from a purely theoretical standpoint, insurrectionary Marxism of some sort—had it existed in the way Winn says it did, and had it succeeded—might have produced a genuine revolution in Chile, much as it did in the Russia of 1917 (and with many of the same political consequences). But it would not have been the revolution that Allende had promised, and in which he no doubt sincerely believed. Unfortunately Winn wants it both ways. When Allende is trying to work through (or bend, or pervert) the existing legal structure, that is the democratic road to socialism ("from above"). When the workers are supposedly trying to seize power through factory occupations and begging for arms to confront their class enemies, that too is the democratic road to socialism ("from below").

What actually happened is much easier to explain: Allende proved incapable of controlling the insurgent elements of his own coalition, who played into the hands of the far right and the military by raising the fear of wholesale expropriation in the heart of anybody with any property at all. The workers of Ex-Yarur were the pawns, not the protagonists, of history. And they were victims too, since after the coup they suffered not only political repression but also economic policies that destroyed their factory and others like it.

IV.

WHEN ALLENDE was elected in 1970, Chile had, proportionately, one of the largest public sectors in Latin America, second only to that of Cuba. The tendency toward state intervention in the economy began in the 1930s under a Popular Front government, but it continued under more conservative successors. It was accelerated during the Christian Democratic period; Frei's party made much of its commitment to a "third way" between capitalism and communism. Ironically, because of the larger ideological and strategic issues at stake—above all, because of the need to provide Latin America with a viable alternative to the Cuban revolution—the United States under Kennedy and Johnson embraced the Christian Democrats with enthusiasm, and showered Chile with funds to pay for land reform and other progressive innovations.

American support, combined with the higher copper prices caused by the Vietnam War, masked the essential truth of Chile's economic situation: that within its borders there were two countries. One lived inside the magic circle of corporatist privilege, including not merely industrialists, bankers, and major landowners, but public employees, peasants on "reformed" plots of land, and workers in unionized industries. Another was made up of the landless peasantry, unemployed (or unorganized) workers, and household servants. Chilean politics was conducted within the first circle; the others stood on the sidelines, kept there

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by policies that were progressive in name but often regressive in impact.

Even if Allende had not been elected, it would have been necessary in the 1970s to ask whether statist solutions were right for Chile—for reasons not only of economic growth, but also of social justice. Unfortunately such a reckoning was not allowed to happen before the great convulsion. Because Allende used statism as a weapon against his opponents, they attempted after his fall to eliminate it once and for all.

CHILE UNDER Pinochet became a great laboratory of neoconservative economics. Economists trained at the University of Chicago ruthlessly pared back government services, particularly in education and health. They also opened up Chile's markets, and in the process eliminated entire lines of national industry. The initial result seemed favorable. During the late 1970s, when the country was awash in money borrowed from Western banks recycling Arab and other oil money, it was common to speak of an "economic miracle" in Chile, of a boom provoked by the unprecedented embrace of free market principles. In a few short years, Chile went from being the wave of the future for the international left to being the country of choice for conservative politicians and economists in Western Europe and the United States.

The bubble burst in 1983, leaving Chile with widespread unemployment and one of the largest per capita debts of any country in the developing world. Christian Democratic economists such as Alejandro Foxley and Ricardo Ffrench-Davis may have the satisfaction of saying "I told you so" (which they did, in 1980, as proved by their contributions to the Valenzuela volume). And a mood of sober reappraisal has settled over the school of Chicago, both in Chile and the United States. Its work is represented by the papers collected in *The National Economic Policies of Chile*, edited by Gary M. Walton, dean of the school of business at the University of California, Davis.

These papers are most persuasive when they critically examine the system that the "Chicago boys" replaced; one, for example, shows the ridiculous extent to which non-economic criteria prevailed in the transport industry, benefiting not the poor, but relatively privileged groups. They are least convincing when they try to explain away or minimize the failures of the economic "reforms" instituted by the Chicago-trained economy minister, Sergio de Castro.

A number of general conclusions about the recent economic experience of Chile may be drawn. First, during most of the period from 1978 to 1983, Chilean currency was artificially pegged at 39 pesos to the dollar. Whatever else this is, it is not free market practice (though it had the political utility of sending the Chilean middle class on a huge spending spree for imported products, raising its morale and defusing its potential for political dissent). Over time many Chileans accumulated dollar-denominated debts, which increased overnight by 20 or 30 percent when the government was eventually forced to devalue the peso to its "true" level. The political consequences have included a resurgence of opposition politics since 1983.

Second, the degree of privatization in Chile has been somewhat exaggerated. The rate declined sharply after 1981 when public-sector unions were able, in a relatively more liberalized atmosphere, to assert their interests. Third, even where free market principles were applied most extensively, the Chilean economy never became as "liberal" as the economy of the United States. Fourth, with all their deficiencies, some of the Chicago policies have had constructive results, notably the diversification of Chilean exports and a drastic drop in the rate of inflation. And finally, there have been—here is the escape hatch of every failed economic prophet—"extenuating circumstances." In the case of Chile, they include a fourfold increase in oil prices and (after 1981) a disastrous fall in the price of copper.

Anyone reading these essays forearmed with a knowledge of recent Chilean history will be struck by the fact that in spite of their wide ideological and political differences, all three of the last Chilean presidents have failed to produce the kind of economic result they promised: Frei, in spite of extensive concessional aid from the United States and high copper prices; Allende, with all his exaggerated claims for socialism and economic planning, as well as his depletion of the foreign exchange reserves accumulated under Frei; and Pinochet, through the selective application of free market principles, the neutralization of the labor movement, and massive foreign borrowing. It would appear that nothing is so good for Chile as high copper prices and low energy prices, low interest rates and a strong commitment to the success of its government by American and other Western bankers and diplomats. But this means that a tidy, ideologically satisfying account of the Chilean economy—of the kind that would please leftist or rightist, statist or free marketeer, populist or liberal—is impossible.

Moreover, until Chile returns to democratic life, it simply will not be possible to have a reasonably objective discussion about its economic policy. Some of the things that Walton and his Chilean free marketeers are saying are being repeated sotto voce by social scientists associated with the Christian Democratic and Socialist parties. There has even been some talk in Socialist quarters about how the market might be used to create a more equitable distribution of income. But the opposition has too much at stake to admit publicly that Pinochet—or rather his technocrats—have done anything right.

As for the government and its supporters, most, with the exception of a few genuinely convinced ideologues, oppose state intervention in the economy not because it is inefficient, but because it can be used to curtail privilege just as easily as to shore it up. "Many of the economic policies applied during these years could not have been put in practice in a democratic environment," Christian Democratic economist René Cortázar reminds his Friedmanite colleagues in the Walton volume. "Economic reforms and the political repression cannot be understood as two completely independent phenomena."

STILL, that need not be the case. There is no necessary relationship between free market economics and political repression. Pinochet could just as easily go back to a corporatist economic system with heavy state participation—indeed, in some areas he has done so, inasmuch as the state has acquired the stock of most of the banks that failed after 1983. Judicially Chile is still a capitalist country, but functionally it is increasingly coming to resemble the Spanish state during the 1950s, in which economics were ruthlessly subordinated to considerations of political power.

Recently the economic indicators in Chile have begun to turn upward again, reviving government hopes and provoking opposition fears. The presumption is that if the situation improves sufficiently by the end of 1988, Pinochet can win his plebiscite. This seems unlikely. Repeated loans from bankers can keep the operation running, but they cannot re-

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solve the regime's basic problem, which is political. Pinochet dreams of a country ruled by him (and then, after his death, by people like him) in perpetuity. But this requires the permanent, systematic suppression of all the natural tendencies of Chilean politics.

Instead of resolving these issues, Chile has been lost in a search for painless short cuts to development, urged upon it by economic determinists of the most varied ideological hues. But the truth is that there is no successful Chilean road to socialism, or to capitalism either, that does not include the political freedoms that have been won by the nations most Chileans admire: the United States, Great Britain, France, and now (happily) Spain. Such a political system might be distinctly unexciting to foreigners. But it would be a vast improvement over the country's recent past, and certainly over what seems to lie in wait for it after 1988 or 1989.

QUADROPHENIA

The Keeper of Sheep
by Fernando Pessoa
translated by Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown

(Sheep Meadow Press, 63 pp., $9.50)

Poems of Fernando Pessoa
translated and edited by Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown

(Ecco Press, 215 pp., $19.95)

If Fernando Pessoa had never existed, Jorge Luis Borges might have had to invent him. This remarkable modern poet started writing in English, in which he was educated; and then, in his native Portuguese, he produced four major poetic oeuvres, one under his own name and three completely different ones by fictional poets—no mere pseudonyms—called Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos, and Ricardo Reis. This was not a matter of tragic, literal psychiatric disorder; it was a figurative revision of a multiple poetic personality that, with its complex relations among the "heteronyms" (as they are usually called to distinguish them from mere pseudonyms without full fictional identities for their bearers), betokened a strong, original, and stable poetic imagination confronting some of the major problems of modernism.

A consideration of Pessoa's poetry entails knowledge of the work of all four poets. Professional scholars will also be concerned with a number of Pessoa's other, more shadowy heteronymous figures: the authors of some of the early poems in English, Alexander Search and Charles Robert Anon; and, in Portuguese, C. Pacheco and a critic named Bernard Soares who wrote no verse, and a number of others to a projected total of 19. But it is ultimately the trilogy of poets Caeiro, Campos, and Reis—along with the orthonymic poetry, written fully in propria persona, of Pessoa himself—that is of primary importance.

Pessoa was born in Lisbon in 1888, the descendant, on his father's side, of a Jewish convert to Christianity (hence, perhaps, the Jewish element in Campos's character). Pessoa's father was a music critic who died when the boy was five. His mother then married the Portuguese consul in Durban, and Pessoa was educated in South Africa, leaving it permanently in 1905 after having written a prize essay for admission to university there. He chose to attend the University of Lisbon, and in that city he remained, from 1908 until his death in 1935. He worked at commercial foreign correspondence for a number of firms in Lisbon, led a literary life that touched avant-garde circles, and published poems, translations, and essays. He never married, but lived both alone and with members of his family.

Until 1909 Pessoa wrote in English; there are over 100 English poems. (A responsible edition of all of Pessoa's English writings should be done.) Three years later he began to write in his native language and to read widely in French Symbolist poetry. By 1915 he was writing poems under all three heteronyms, at first publishing only some under the name of Campos.

In a letter dated ten months before his death, Pessoa told a disciple his story of the genesis of the heteronyms: suddenly, on March 8, 1914, he started writing a large number of poems under the covering title *O Guardador de Rebanhos* (*The Keeper of Sheep*)—perhaps, it has been suggested, transforming an earlier abandoned project of inventing, as a hoax, a strange sort of pastoral poet. But Alberto Caeiro is a very belated pastoralist. "I never kept sheep," begins the first of the 49 poems that make up his collected works, "But it's as if I'd done so." Here is the rest of the first strophe of his proem, in Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown's excellent new translation:

> My soul is like a shepherd.
> It knows wind and sun
> Walking hand in hand with the Seasons
> Observing, and following along.
> All of Nature's unpeopled peacefulness
> Comes to sit alongside me.
> Still I'm sad, as a sunset is
> To the imagination,
> When it grows cold at the end of the plain
> And you feel the night come in
> Like a butterfly through the window.

The plain but quizzical style, the limpid vers libre, the systematic dramaturgy—all give Caeiro's work a power that is never simplistic.

The other heteronyms emerged around Caeiro. According to Pessoa's letter, Caeiro was born in 1889, lived with an old aunt in the country, was only minimally educated, had no profession, and died at 26; he represents, for Pessoa, what Shelley called "unpremeditated art." Ricardo Reis, a Horatian neoclassicist in whose tight, strophic odes meditation seems to crystallize, was born in 1887, says Pessoa, and was educated by the Jesuits; a doctor, he resided in Brazil because of his monarchist views. Álvaro de Campos, a naval engineer not presently employed, lives in Lisbon; he is well traveled, the author (like Reis and Pessoa) of critical writings, as well as of Whitmanesque longish rhapsodic poems in a mode of free verse very different from Caeiro's.

And finally, of course, there is the orthonymic Fernando Pessoa. The rhymed lyrics of his *Cancioneiro*, and of the wonderful long sequence, published in 1934, called *Mensagem* ("message," "dispatch"—the word can also be used to mean "errand" or "summons"), seem to connect the different virtues of Campos

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and Reis. *Mensagem* is a sort of post-Symbolist revision of Vaz de Camões's *Os Lusiadas*, the great Portuguese Renaissance epic, a series of internalized, meditative lyrics on moments and figures in Portuguese history, perhaps in some ways analogous to Hart Crane's *The Bridge*.

WHAT IS most Borgesian—or possibly Nabokovian—about this group of poets is the way in which Pessoa himself acknowledges how deep an influence Caeiro was upon his own work: "Alberto Caeiro is my master." Octavio Paz has commented that "Caeiro is the sun in whose orbit Reis, Campos, and Pessoa himself rotate. In each are particles of negation or unreality. Reis believes in form, Campos in sensation, Pessoa in symbols. Caeiro doesn't believe in anything. He exists." And Pessoa remarked of Caeiro's influential force:

> Caeiro had that force. What does it matter to me that Caeiro be of me if Caeiro is like that? So, operating on Reis, who had not as yet written anything, he made come to birth in him a form of his own and an aesthetic persona. So operating on myself, he has delivered me from shadows and letters. . . . After this, so prodigiously achieved, who will ask whether Caeiro exists or not?

There are other ways of regarding this relation among the four poets, three of whom have been invented by a fourth who nonetheless claims to derive from one of them. Pessoa invoked at various times the analogy of fully formed Shakespearean characters, and at others the context of modernist poetic impersonality. As Álvaro de Campos put it, in a manifesto called *Ultimatum*, the greatest artist will reveal himself the least (this from a true, not a trivial, Whitmanian). He will "write in the greatest number of literary genres, making use of paradoxes and dissimilarities. No artist should have only one personality."

A poet like Auden, who wrote in a variety of modes, could approximate this achievement, although his voice never changes. So can a dramatic monologuist, of which Pessoa might seem to be an extreme case. But there is another aspect to his Trilogy: it is as if the historical phases of the life of poetry itself, not merely of one artist's work, were being personified synchronically and allowed to coexist. What Renaissance scholars refer to as the Virgilian progression—from pastoral to georgic to epic—was affirmed in the canceled opening lines of the *Aeneid*, which outlined, for Renaissance poets, the model of a poetic career: "I am he who once played my song on a slender reed, then, leaving the woods, made the neighboring fields serve the farmer, however grasping—a book farmers prize; but now of Mars' bristling [arms and the man I sing . . .]."

Similarly, Caeiro's modern pastoral, the Parnassian withdrawals of Reis, Campos's great odes of imagined voyaging, are all gathered up in various ways in Pessoa's own poems. Certainly the *Mensagem* would not be possible without Caeiro's unmediated vision, or Reis's forethought, or Campos's unending quest for a hero, a subject, at once within and beyond himself. The various heteronyms can thus be heard as giving voice to drifts, strains, and impulses within one imagination, each providing a reductive version of what the revisionary New Poetry should be.

THERE HAVE been several books introducing Pessoa to speakers of English, but they are all out of print. Aside from Edouard Roditi's brief essay and fine, pioneering translations of five poems in 1955, we have had a Penguin volume by Jonathan Griffin and two very useful books, both published in 1971 and both with detailed introductions and notes—one of 60 poems, translated by F. E. G. Quintanilha, and the other by Peter Rickard of Cambridge, an exemplary volume of 70 poems with excellent apparatus and free-verse translations of unusual tautness and limpidity. Both of these include the Portuguese texts, and for readers without that language but with, say, French and Spanish, the originals can be a revelation: with a dictionary, an elementary grammar, and a good knowledge of poetry, one can find out a great deal about what has been traded for what in the complex economy of verse translation.

Now Edwin Honig, who produced a smaller selection of Pessoa translations in 1971, has collaborated with Susan M. Brown on two volumes. One is a broader selection of the work of all the heteronyms, as well as of Pessoa's own English verse. The other is the complete version of Caeiro's *The Keeper of Sheep*. Honig and Brown are at their best with Caeiro, and the complete oeuvre is a treasure to have. I regret strongly that there is no facing Portuguese text, particularly in the more comprehensive selection, *Poems of Ferdinand Pessoa*. Without the Portuguese, and without the kind of biographical material and annotation that Rickard gives, the poems of Reis and of Pessoa himself lose the most. Explaining some of the problems faced by the translations in Honig and Brown's larger volume involves taking a closer look at all the poets and their work. (When quoting from poems that Honig and Brown do not translate, I use my own, provisional versions.)

WE MIGHT start with Pessoa's poems in English. They are worth more than a glance, not least because some of their peculiar energies and successes carry over into the later work and are immediately accessible to English readers. The series of "Inscriptions," resonant of the sepulchral epigrams of the Greek Anthology, seems related to the mode of Ricardo Reis. They are terse, elegant, graceful, and yet capable of startling:

> Me, Chloe, a maid, the mighty fates have given,
> Who was nought to them, to the peopled shades.
> Thus the gods will. My years were but twice seven.
> I am forgotten now in my distant glades.

Or:

> There was a silence where the town was old.
> Grass grows where not a memory lies below.
> We that dined loud are sand. The tale is told.
> The far hoofs hush. The inn's last light doth go.

Or:

> I put by pleasure like an alien bowl.
> Stern, separate, mine, I looked towards where gods seem.
> From behind me the common shadow stole.
> Dreaming that I slept not, I slept my dream.

"My hand / Put these inscriptions here, half knowing why; / Last, and hence seeing all, of the passing band," concludes the fictional author in the last of these, as if Pessoa were bidding farewell, in 1920, to neoclassicism, summing up and transcending a tradition in a way analogous to that by which Alberto Caeiro would perform a final revision of pastoral.

Honig and Brown reprint ten of Pessoa's strange, somewhat crabbed English sonnets and some earlier poems, including a few by Alexander Search. One misses a bit of the long, homosexually-oriented "Antinous" (1915) that begins (with an echo of Verlaine, I think), "The rain outside was cold in Hadrian's soul," and whose high diction moves through fine passages like this one about Hadri-

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an's eponymous lover:

That love they lived as a religion
Offered to gods that come themselves to men.
Sometimes he was adorned or made to don
Half-vestured, then in statued nudity
Did imitate some god that seems to be
By marble's accurate virtue men's again.

And the remarkable heterosexual counterpart of the Antinous poem, Pessoa's "Epithalamium" of the previous year (a weird version of Spenser, deriving from his diction and verse-form but without the famous refrain), concentrates on the fears and joys of the bride's sexual initiation. Thus the 12th strophe's invocation of a phallic "belfry's height" that "Does in the blue wide heaven a message prove,/Somewhat calm, of delight," and of the sun pouring light on the "ordered rout" of guests; "And all their following eyes clasp round the bride":

They feel like hands her bosom and her side;
Like the inside of her vestment next her skin,
They round her round and fold each crevice in;
They lift her skirts up, as to tease or woo
The cleft thing hid below . . . .

The verbal texture and formal control of the English poems operate with greater density and plangency in Pessoa's own poems, and, differently, in those of Reis. What marks Caeiro, though, is that he is always telling you what he is *not* doing: "Rhymes don't matter to me," he says. "You seldom see/Two identical trees, standing side by side." Still, he can be allusive in his negations of allusiveness and tradition, as in his rejection of the mainstream of poetic history in favor of the river flowing through his own village. (One's local stream was the emblem of one's own poetic turf throughout the Renaissance, like the Thames, the Avon, Du Bellay's Loire, and so on.) But he ends poem 20 by saying that his village river reminds one of nothing, that if one is beside it one is merely beside it. The passing wind, in another poem, talks only about the wind; the Virgilian shepherds, in yet another, played on reeds and sang in a literary way about love, "But the shepherds in Virgil poor things/are Virgil,/And nature is ancient and beautiful." He keeps protesting his conceptual innocence, and performing, like Wallace Stevens's snow man, a reduction of false imaginings.

Álvaro de Campos is a visionary wanderer, most obviously indebted for his ode forms and long rhapsodic lines to Whitman; but he is also a Shelleyan. His early "Triumphal Ode" (1914), tinged with Futurist rhetoric, starts out

In the aching light of the factory's large electric bulbs,
Fevered, I write.
I write gnashing my teeth, brutal before the beauty of this,
Before the beauty of this, wholly unknown to the ancients . . . .
Fevered and staring at the engines as if at a tropical Nature
Great human tropics of iron and fire and power—
I sing, and sing the present, and also the past and future.
Because the present is all of the present and all of the future
And Plato and Virgil within the machines and electric lights.

But, after much Whitmanesque incantation, this poem ends with a longing for transcendence, and a revision of Whitman's favored trope: "*Ah nõ ser en toda a gente e toda a parte!*" ("Ah not to be all people and all places!").

Campos's long, splendid "Maritime Ode," with its sexual fantasies and Mallarméan withdrawals and fears of erotic shipwreck, his "Tobacco-shop", his poems on "Lisbon Revisited," move into realms of terror, despair, and self-questioning of a sort Caeiro's pure assurance never explores. His diction, too, wanders from high to low. It seems to me, with my limited knowledge of Portuguese, that Honig and Brown do very well with his language and with the cadence of his lines.

RICARDO REIS is another story. He invokes Horace's Lydias, Naearas, and Chloes, without any of Caeiro's desire to avoid singing literarily of love:

As though every kiss
Were of departure
O my Chloe, let us kiss now, loving.
Perhaps this hand touching
Our shoulders already
Hails that barge, empty ever when it comes,
Binding in the same sheaf
What we were together
With the totality of other life.

In highly crafted, syllabically counted lines, and with archaized diction and Latinate syntax, Reis promotes a guarded, intellectual, far-from-ecstatic mood of carpe diem and memento mori intertwined, asking nothing of the gods, the answer to life's questions lying beyond them: "*Os deus sõ deuses/Porque nõ se pensam*" ("The gods are gods/Because they don't think themselves up"). Literally echoing Horace, Reis proclaims that "Happy he whom gracious life/Allowed to keep the gods in mind/To see like them/These earthly things where dwells/A reflection, mortal, of immortal life." Where Caeiro rejects previous allegorizations of nature, Reis rejects moral homilies on our condition, except that he propounds the virtue of such rejections:

To everyone, like his height justice is
Distributed: thus fate makes
Some tall and others happy.
Nothing is a prize: what happens just happens.
Nothing, Lydia, do we
Owe our fate but to have it.

To preserve in English something of the tone of Reis's syntax and diction (he will use Latin words that are neologisms for modern Portuguese) and his meter (it substitutes for the classical quantitative prosody a pure syllabism) is not too difficult, and syllabic versions of Reis would give one a better sense of the almost classically modernist (in the Anglo-American, rather than the Continental mode) use of strict form as a stay against confusion. In a central, aristocratic figure, Reis rises above the storms of sensibility through which Campos perilously and ecstatically navigates: "Be whole in everything. Put all you are/Into the smallest thing you do./The whole moon gleams in every pool,/It rides so high."

Reis has not yet had his optimum translator. Perhaps, as is frequently the

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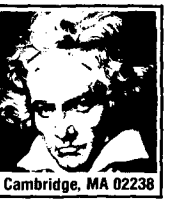

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case with poetic translation, a poem in Language A must pass into Language B through the enabling filter of some particular body of poetry already in B. (Recall, for example, the Tennyson that makes the blank verse of Robert Fitzgerald's wonderful English *Aeneid* so noble and powerful, as opposed to the tincture of Pound that made the same translator's *Odyssey* so strong for the modernist ear.) Perhaps the youthful Milton's unrhymed, stressed translation of Horace, "What slender youth . . . ," might provide something of such a filter. Or so might some of the diction of Landor.

THE SO-CALLED orthonymic poetry of Pessoa himself requires even more in the way of adaptive resources. Pessoa has all of the control of Reis with none of his archaisms; and he has also a good deal of Campos's vigor. His negations and withdrawals are almost gnostic in their complexity, and go beyond Caeiro in wiping the slate clean. Thus in a Christmas poem of 1922 (the original rhymes, as in this version, are the words *culto* and *occulto*):

A god is born. Others die. What never came
Nor went was Truth. Error changed all the more.
Our new Eternity is not the same.
The best is always what has gone before.

Blind, Knowledge labors at the barren ground.
Crazy, Faith lives the dream of its own cult.
A newborn god is just a new word's sound.
Seek not then, nor believe. All is occult.

Pessoa's own verse makes rich and powerful use of rhyme, not merely for generating a melody or for pacing, but (as with all important poets) for its semantic work and play, for what it reveals of relations among words and among their referents—relations that ordinary usage keeps hidden. A poem of 1913 about a village church bell, for example, concludes:

At each one of your strokes
Resounding in open sky
I feel the past more distant
I feel longing more nigh

—except that in the original, the rhymes are on *aberto* ("open") and *mais perto* ("nearer"): the widening of possibility becomes another kind of enclosure at the incursion of *saudade* ("longing," "yearning").

In another quatrain of the same poem, Pessoa plays with the notion of repetition, saying of his village bell, sad in the evening calm, "Each stroke of yours/ Sounds within my soul"—bland enough in English, except that the third line about each stroke of the bell, "*Cada sua badalada*," plays on the internal rhyme of *cada* ("every") and the word for the tolling of a bell, as if thereby to augment the number of strokes of the clapper.

One more example—they blossom everywhere in these poems—of Pessoa's verbal texture, which gets completely lost in most translations I've seen. "The Portuguese Sea," poem 30 of *Mensagem*, ends:

Quem quer passar além da Bojador
Tem que passar além da dor
Deus ao mar o perigo e o abismo deu
Mas nele é que espelhou o céu.

In Honig and Brown:

If you'd sail beyond the cape
Sail you must past cares, past grief.
God gave perils to the sea and sheer depth
But mirrored heaven there.

But even without knowing any Portuguese, a reader can see the symmetry of sailing past the *Bojador* (a West African promontory, slightly south of the Canaries, once a limit of exploration) and the *dor*, the anguish now seen as its last port, in the rhymed shorter line. The pun that mirrors *Deus* and *deu*, "God" and "gave," at the end of the next line is itself brilliantly avowed in the final one, with its image of mirroring and the confirming rhyme of *céu*—"sky," "heaven." One can't ask a translator to get all of these moments, but one does keep wanting to be reminded that they, or something like them, are there, that the language of the poetry has that sort of dimension.

If English syllabics suggest a way of handling Reis's tight strophes, perhaps a way of handling Pessoa's orthonymic poetry has been pointed by Richard Howard in the superb unrhymed but accentual-syllabic verse he used for all of Baudelaire. Howard managed, in versions of poems with rhyming stanzas just like Pessoa's, to create the impression of rhyme by his end-stopping mono- and dissyllabic words; one has the feeling that the line one had just read had rhymed with an earlier one, heard but forgotten. Rhythm is more important than rhyme for holding verse together, even though it cannot often perform the magic on particular words that rhyme, assonance, and alliteration can.

Honig and Brown have done very well by Caeiro, and reasonably well by Álvaro de Campos. Ricardo Reis and Pessoa himself still may have to find their translators. But if Honig and Brown's work renews the debate about translation and leads to new versions of Pessoa, that, too, will be a measure of its success. Meanwhile this volume has brought a great poet to our attention again. Anybody who cares about poetry, about fictions of identity, about the whole of modernism, must be grateful.

JOHN HOLLANDER

John Hollander's most recent book of poetry is *In Time and Place* (Johns Hopkins University Press).

THE NEW ALRIGHTNIKS

In Search of Melancholy Baby
by Vassily Aksyonov
translated by Michael Henry Heim and Antonina W. Bouis

(Random House, 227 pp., $15.95)

Every Nabokov fan remembers the scene in *Pnin* in which the hero, an émigré Russian scholar who has lived for years on an American college campus, attempts to purchase some sports equipment:

Pnin entered a sport shop in Waindell's Main Street and asked for a football. The request was unseasonable but he was offered one.

"No, no," said Pnin, "I do not wish an egg or, for example, a torpedo. I want a simple football ball. Round!"

And with wrists and palms he outlined a portable world. It was the same gesture he used in class when speaking of the "harmonical wholeness" of Pushkin.

The salesman lifted a finger and silently fetched a soccer ball.

"Yes, this I will buy," said Pnin with dignified satisfaction.

This captures perfectly the Eastern European's experience in this country. We come here with our portable worlds sharply outlined. The years of living

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there, the cultural stereotypes we have inherited, the semantic distinctions that our native tongues imply—all have created in each of us a repertory of mental mannerisms that we, in our naïveté, take for a reflection of reality. One has only to pass through the now-symbolic Ellis Island for this illusion to burst with a bang. It's not only that the New World turns out to be actually new and surprising at every step. What throws an Eastern European émigré off balance even more is that his semantic system itself seems not to correspond to American reality. A word that in his system of thinking referred to a nicely rounded object denotes here something like "an egg or, for example, a torpedo."

There are two ways of dealing with this problem. One is Pninification: the émigré sticks to his old mental habits and semantic categories, and gradually encloses himself in the cocoon of his Old World personality. (And he is at liberty to do so: this is, after all, a free country.) The other is the method adopted by the hero of Paul Mazursky's *Moscow on the Hudson*, who insists on playing his tenor saxophone like Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. He may be different, but he wants to join in, which is the only way (not always satisfactory, to be sure) of understanding the nature of the difference.

VASSILY AKSYONOV has chosen to join in. Written for an American audience, *In Search of Melancholy Baby* is a book-length autobiographical essay (whose chapters are interspersed with "Sketches for a Novel to Be") on a Soviet émigré's perception of America. (Aksyonov has lived in the United States since 1980.) The book illustrates two sides of the émigré's problem at once. In the spirit of a rich literary tradition dating back to Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*, it tries to reveal some truths about a country that only a visitor from a different part of the world can discern. At the same time, the encounter with America serves as a way of revealing truths about the Soviet mentality, and the Soviet reality of which it is a product. It's as if Montesquieu's device were used to say as much about Persia as about France.

Both of Aksyonov's inquiries spring from the overwhelming sensation of cultural difference that is the lot of every newcomer from behind the Iron Curtain. From smells to intellectual discoveries, from food and cars to natural landscapes and urban planning (or the lack thereof), from taxes and finances to interracial relations and sexual mores, from sports and cocktail parties to the literary scene and the political system: everything is new. Some of the oppositions of the émigré's experience are almost distressingly symmetrical; but founded as they are on the author's empirical observation of both worlds, they serve to convince us that the American and Soviet ways of life indeed differ in every essential aspect:

> America's prosperity becomes apparent the moment you leave her large cities. In Russia the opposite is the case. What remains after the military has drained off most of the resources goes toward maintaining a minimal level of decency in the cities; the countryside and villages are left to rot . . . .
>
> Among the even more striking differences is the difference in the way people learn about what goes on in the economy. The citizen of a society with a "planned economy" has no way of assessing his country's coffers (*Pravda*'s daily hip-hip-hoorays to economic growth and prosperity notwithstanding); the citizen of a free market society has a never-ending stream of hard figures to go by. The Soviet feels he is astride a gigantic inert mass; the American enjoys the sensation of rising and falling; of pulsating activity; it may look chaotic but it is very much alive.

From such observations a highly favorable image of America arises—the image of a society based on what Aksyonov calls "beneficent inequality" or "economic inequality in a framework of human dignity," a society "freer of xenophobia than any other nation," a society that sincerely sets itself the task of resolving all its inner conflicts. Aksyonov places himself unabashedly among the "Soviet Americanophiles," and he goes to such extremes in his enthusiasm for the USA that he begins to sound decidedly conservative by American standards. Though he declares his support for "liberalism," he means only (with a characteristically Eastern European twist) that in the age-long strife between the principle of liberty and the principle of equality he is on the side of liberty. His Soviet experience has taught him to distrust "the utopias of equality," which never work out anyway, and to place the highest value on freedom, in spite of the social and economic strings attached to it.

The political orientation of Aksyonov's readers will, I think, largely determine the way his portrayal of America is received. Liberals (this time in the American sense) will probably excoriate him for having painted too rosy a picture. The charge is false. From his vantage point Aksyonov can see the South Bronx as well as Beverly Hills. His account devotes a great deal of attention not only to "American fascinations" but also to "American frustrations." Aksyonov's greatest surprise, among these frustrations, was not the existence of enclaves of destitution or racial tension (he found the reality itself much less shocking than its inflated image in Soviet propaganda), but what he calls "American provinciality":

> In the Soviet Union we pictured Americans as "citizens of the world," cosmopolitans; here we find them to be detached, withdrawn, sequestered in their American planet. . . . In a closed society like the Soviet Union, public interest . . . is directed outward, while in open, democratic America it is almost wholly inner directed. The outside world interests Americans much less. . . . Despite the Iron Curtain the Soviet Union is in many ways closer to Europe than Europe's closest political and economic partner, America.

Provinciality and isolation also mark contemporary American literature, he claims. Both these features, along with the pressures of the commercial market, have caused it to "simply take its place in the ranks of Western literature as a whole. Now the aura of the hazardous undertaking belongs to the oppositional literatures of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union."

NOW AND AGAIN, amid the oppositions, Aksyonov points out disquieting analogies—the paperscape produced by both countries' bureaucracies, for instance, and the fact that "while the U.S.S.R. inches toward capitalism, capitalism [in the United States] is undergoing a Socialist warp of apathy, poor service, and hackwork." Still, the most revealing parts of the book are those in which Aksyonov portrays not America, but popular Soviet misconceptions about America. These come in many shapes and sizes, from propaganda's outright lies (according to which America is a land of universal misery, oppression, and injustice) to the illusions of the "Soviet Americanophiles":

> Soviet propaganda has piled up so many lies in its lifetime that it now gives reverse results: a certain brand of "critically thinking" Soviet citizen—and most of the new émigrés fall into the pattern—no longer believes a word of it; the critically thinking

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Soviet rejects both lies of propaganda and the scraps of truth the propaganda machine needs to make the lies appear true.

But beyond the fabrications of propaganda and the fantasies of the pro-Western intelligentsia, we find yet another Soviet vision of America. This is the body of genuine beliefs shared by party apparatchiks and their hired intellectuals, most especially the so-called National Bolsheviks. Aksyonov meticulously analyzes their writings on America. Theirs is a vision marked by utter "disdain for the strength of America and the West in general" and "contempt for America's lack of unity," which in the Soviet strongmen's minds can only be identified with decadence and degeneration.

Aksyonov argues exactly the opposite. For him, "If America was unified along Soviet or Iranian lines, it would no longer be America. It must therefore instill in its population a passionate desire to defend its multiplicity, its ferment, its intellectual and aesthetic waverings." He doesn't mince words in his conclusion:

> Let me call a spade a spade: the anti-Americans of this world—Gabriel García Márquez included—are enemies of freedom and friends of a global concentration camp. The paradox of it all is that to remain what it is America must defend even its own anti-Americans.

Another "paradox of it all" (I would add) is that the first of the sentences quoted above has a rather right-wingish ring to it, while the second would probably be criticized as too liberal, if not leftist, by a good half of Aksyonov's fellow Eastern European exiles. Aksyonov's book should be compared with Solzhenitsyn's famous Harvard speech, or with Zinoviev's *Homo Sovieticus*. Their differences aside, Solzhenitsyn and Zinoviev share the notion that the very premises of democracy are the cause of its ultimate weakness, its ineffectuality in the struggle against totalitarianism. Aksyonov, by contrast, represents a position far more akin to Western values, far more supportive of them.

Which comes as no surprise, if you consider his background. His youthful cult of America in the Moscow of the '50s—when, as he notes, jazz was America's secret weapon, and the pro-Western stateniks emerged as the first Soviet dissidents—seems to lead directly into his present situation as a Russian writer who makes his home in Washington, D.C. To return to *Pnin*, there is a scene in which the hero says in his funny accent: "In two-three years I will also be taken for an American," and every American present roars with laughter. When Aksyonov declares in his final chapter: "Now I am ... almost an American myself," we are compelled to take his words, accent or no accent, at face value—and, at the same time, to hope that he will never give up that "almost," which, for both the writer and his readers, makes all the difference.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK

Stanislaw Baranczak is Alfred Jurzykowski Professor of Polish Language and Literature at Harvard University. His latest book is *A Fugitive from Utopia: The Poetry of Zbigniew Herbert* (Harvard University Press).

A CAREER IN CAUSES

Freda Kirchwey: A Woman of "The Nation" by Sarah Alpern

(Harvard University Press, 319 pp., $27.50)

I approached this book with some trepidation. I feared a pious account by a young female scholar of a reformer and feminist from an older generation. The author's preface, in which she alludes to her identification with her subject "as a woman, a historian, and a mother," seemed to confirm my expectation that Freda Kirchwey would be presented as a mother or grandmother of the present feminist movement, as a heroic battler against social and political obstacles that have since been removed. I worried, too, that Freda Kirchwey's leadership of *The Nation*, her indiscriminate support of the Popular Front, and her opposition after the war, well into the 1950s, to American resistance against further Soviet expansion would be glossed over, or even justified.

My apprehensions were unfounded. Sarah Alpern, a historian at Texas A & M University, has written a straightforward, well-researched biography of Kirchwey, drawing on her letters and papers, other relevant private and library collections, and personal interviews (including nearly a dozen with Kirchwey's son, and two with Kirchwey's older sister, who has since died). There is certainly a strong emphasis, particularly in the early chapters, on Kirchwey's involvement, personally and intellectually, with such issues as women's suffrage, birth control, sexual morality, "progressive" education, "scientific" methods of child rearing, dual-career marriages, and the problems that women face in combining marriage and motherhood with a career. These questions, so resonant with the concerns of latter-day feminists, were indeed important to Kirchwey through the 1920s, but after 1932 she "focused her attention primarily on other issues of national and international significance."

As for Kirchwey's pro-Sovietism, Alpern writes of the years after 1945: "The 'sin' George Orwell ascribed to 'nearly all left-wingers from 1933 onward,' that 'they have wanted to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian,' could be aimed accurately at Freda Kirchwey during the next decade of her editorship." Alpern drops this remark laconically, almost in passing; but I do not think that any aging anti-Stalinist who recalls the battles of 40 years ago, and the role of *The Nation* and Kirchwey in them, could ask for more.

Alpern's book is free of any tendency toward hagiography, but it can be faulted for the opposite flaw: it maintains too remote and impersonal a detachment from its subject. The book appears to have begun as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard over a decade ago. This may account for its somewhat perfunctory character, for its persistent failure to look up from dutiful summaries of primary sources, for its failure to place its subject in a wider historical context, or even to look back from the vantage point of the present. The reliance on diaries and letters also has a skewing effect: since people are most likely to write letters when they are away from home, trips abroad are fully reported, but there is very little reconstruction of the daily routines at *The Nation*'s offices on Vesey Street in lower

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Manhattan. These sources do make possible, however, the book's most moving chapter, a heartrending account of Kirchwey's bleak winter in Florida alone with her six-year-old son, who was dying of tuberculosis and spinal meningitis.

Born in 1893, Freda Kirchwey was the daughter of a Columbia law professor who became dean of the law school and who served for a time as warden of Sing Sing prison, where he instituted a number of penal reforms. Freda attended Horace Mann, the experimental high school affiliated with Columbia Teachers' College, where two of her paternal aunts taught. She graduated from Barnard in 1915, having taken courses with Charles Beard, Franz Boas, and James Harvey Robinson, the pioneer of "social history." At 22 she married Evans Clark, an Ivy League economist who became a professional researcher and eventually the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

"In many ways Freda was born a reformer," Alpern remarks. Her early influences, both familial and educational, certainly constitute a veritable roster of the advanced ideas and causes of the Progressive era. She read Wells and Shaw in high school, joined a garment workers' picket line, belonged to the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, was an active campaigner for women's suffrage, and fought for the abolition of sororities at Barnard, especially because of their exclusion of Jews. She was voted both the "Best Looking" and the "Most Militant" member of her graduating class. She was, in sum, the "rebel girl" incarnate, at least in its comfortable, upper-middle-class New York City version.

Kirchwey went to work for *The Nation* in 1919. She became an active crusader for legal birth control and for freer sexual morality in general. She and her husband practiced for a time their belief in non-exclusive marital relationships, which placed their marriage under severe strain when he availed himself of greater opportunities for extramarital liaisons. Two of their three sons died in early childhood. The surviving son was sent to progressive schools; his parents tried faithfully to adhere to the dictates of behaviorist and psychoanalytic experts on child rearing.

Alpern's chapters on Kirchwey's and her husband's encounters with the advanced ideas of the 1920s are the most interesting in the book. They bring back the half-forgotten world of the educated classes in the interwar years, when progressive education was a fighting cause, psychoanalysis a novel personal challenge, sexual life a new frontier, and parenthood a mission fraught with weighty historical responsibilities. The holders of these "enlightened" views saw themselves as a vanguard upholding "modern" values against all that was stuffy, antiquated, and "against life."

Alpern does not fail to comment on the tensions and contradictions produced by this effort to live by the new standards. She catches Kirchwey describing someone as a " 'career' woman but withal rather nice—humorous and genuine." In a letter to his parents written when he was in his 30s, Kirchwey's son, Michael, "blamed his mother, rather than both parents, for delegating his early nurture and education to others"—which Kirchwey had done in earnest conformity to the warnings of the behaviorist John B. Watson against the dangers of "excessive mother love." Alpern also asserts that Freda and her husband ignored Michael's "personal need for a more traditional education and upbringing." He found it a strain to call his

PRESBYOPIA

Old eyes, but wiser, says the Greek. You lose sight of guide-
    lines: I before E, Every Good Boy
    Does Fine, Insert Tab A in Slot B.
Things arrive, at this late date, unlabelled. All that book-

    learning a waste now—even your mate,
at close range, blurs, becomes a surface with a taste.
Unlettered, you take up jungle tactics, sniff and grope.
    You might regress to tom-toms, but who

would answer? Puzzles crowd your path like carnivorous
    plants; your hand goes crazy, writing checks
    to New England Telepath and Faust
National Bunk. Your grocery list asks for the "apple

    of life," then "ravishes, letups, grace."
A meaning leans in with a wink—a wing-beat and it's
off into the mist. Is a message mixed with all this
    mystery—advice from the next life

for folks who are losing their focus on this one?
    Is your own hand the medium, patched
    in to paradise, scribe for Something
Higher? If so, is it advisable to heed it—

    "fix radiances, take out paupers"?
Not likely, after the time spent getting sensible.
Even uncoded, the Word will turn out some old saw,
    no doubt: "Love thy neighbor," or "Buy low,

sell high." You'll try to apply it, but it won't win
    any prize. Suppose, though, there's a clue
    in the works, something useful. Like, "You
there, heads up! Nothing on paper can save you. Watch that

    horizon, out where the sea might be."
A tip to heed, if that's the reading. Indeed, you've had
suspicions—glimpses of something gallumphing there, whiffs
    of the foul or fishy, creeping up

the beach. You can almost see it now, like a squid, but
    bigger. Keep an eye out, while there's time
    to imagine alternatives. Keep
reading the signs: "Deaf End," "Private Poverty," "Wet Pain . . ."

SARAH GETTY

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parents by their first names, an "advanced" practice of the time that evokes a whole vanished world.

In 1933 Kirchwey succeeded Oswald Garrison Villard as "de facto executive editor" of *The Nation*. In 1936 she officially became its sole chief editor, and one year later, after its owner disagreed with the journal's refusal to condemn President Roosevelt's plan to alter the Supreme Court, Kirchwey (who was in no sense wealthy) bought *The Nation* with borrowed money and a small inheritance. For the next 19 years she remained owner, publisher, and editor.

Alpern oversimplifies only slightly in writing that for Kirchwey "fascism's brutal march through Europe in the 1930s pushed the previous decade's preoccupation with sexual morality far into the background." Her fixation on fascism and her refusal to see communism or the Soviet Union as any kind of threat to democracy (a refusal that survived long after the Second World War) made Kirchwey vulnerable to the vehement criticism of anti-communist liberals, including some of her oldest friends and associates at *The Nation*, and caused the journal to lose circulation, which resulted in severe financial losses. Her ill-advised libel suit against *The New Leader* and Clement Greenberg in 1951, for charging *The Nation*, quite accurately, with often supporting the Soviet Union over the United States, did not help. Finally, Kirchwey retired, and sold the journal in 1955, but not until she had made sure that it would pass into the hands of editors who were broadly sympathetic to her views. And so it remains to the present day, although *The Nation* has changed editors once, and owners several times, since Kirchwey stepped down. She died in 1976.

ALPERN'S treatment of the controversies among liberals and radicals over communism is adequate, but it lacks a truly knowledgeable touch. She occasionally equates anti-communism with "the right" or with conservatism. Thus she sees Arthur Schlesinger Jr. "mov[ing] to the right" when he attacked the Communist Party; she calls Granville Hicks a "former Communist turned conservative" for his criticism of Kirchwey and *The Nation* in 1951, although Hicks explicitly chastised Kirchwey as a fellow liberal in addressing himself to "the liberals who haven't learned." Alpern states that *Partisan Review* collapsed because of "financial difficulties" and then was reorganized as an anti-Stalinist journal, as if the financial concerns, rather than the editors' turn against the Party, prompted the change. Such errors stem, I think, from ignorance rather than political bias, although, ironically, they may reflect an uncritical acceptance of the loud insistence by contemporary neoconservatives that they alone are the true anti-communists.

Today Kirchwey is often remembered as a fellow traveler, even as a prototypical one. But if a fellow traveler is someone who faithfully and reliably followed the political line of the Communist Party in the time of Stalin, she was no such thing. She passed all the acid tests of the crucial period from 1939 to 1950: she attacked the Stalin-Hitler pact (though she doubted that it would last long); she strongly condemned the Soviet invasion of Finland a few months later; she ardently advocated American participation in the war against Hitler during the time the pact was in force; she endorsed Truman rather than Henry Wallace in 1948; she supported the American intervention in Korea in 1950.

IN THE 1930s Kirchwey and *The Nation* "criticized Stalin, though minimally," in Alpern's words, while always managing to reserve judgment and maintain an appearance of evenhandedness about the nature and value of his regime. This characteristic posture also included maintaining a seemingly judicious detachment from the murderous conflicts within the left during the Spanish Civil War, and from the passionate controversies at home between the Stalinists and their opponents on the left. Kirchwey criticized the Moscow trials and the purges, but she continued to regard the Soviet Union as a valuable bulwark against fascism. In the name of the "unity of the left," she opposed both the anti-Stalinists who thought that Stalin was as much an enemy of freedom as Hitler was and the Stalinists who insisted on, as she put it, "a categorical declaration of faith in the virtues of the Soviet Union." Such balancing acts became the hallmark of *The Nation* for many years. On many issues during the '30s, she collaborated with outspoken anti-communists, including John Dewey, Norman Thomas, and Sidney Hook. Robert Bendiner, Joseph Wood Krutch, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Margaret Marshall, all of them anti-communist liberals of long standing, remained on the masthead and contributed regularly to the journal until the early 1950s.

Alpern passes a bit too lightly over the period of the pact. *The Nation* happens to have been the first political and intellectual magazine that I read as a teenager during those years (though I soon discovered THE NEW REPUBLIC and *The New Statesman*). I still remember Louis Fischer's devastating analysis of Stalin's cynical realpolitik in making the pact (later confirmed by the Nazi archives); Leland Stowe on Finland's resistance to invasion by the Red Army; and searching theoretical criticisms by Granville Hicks and Lewis Corey not only of the Soviet Union, but also of Marxism, and even of socialism as an ideal. From Canada, a country at war with Germany from the beginning, I applauded Kirchwey's own fervently interventionist editorials and such controversial articles as Archibald MacLeish's "The Irresponsibles," which flayed American intellectuals for the relativism and skepticism that, MacLeish charged, prevented them from giving heart and soul to the anti-fascist cause.

After the German invasion of the Soviet Union, however, *The Nation* reverted to its tendency to give the Soviet Union the benefit of most doubts. It was at this time that there emerged the famous split between the Soviet apologetics in the front of the magazine and the outspokenly anti-Stalinist "back of the book," which was edited by Margaret Marshall. Marshall regularly printed book reviews, as well as art criticism and movie criticism, by such anti-Stalinist stalwarts as Greenberg, Schlesinger, Hook, Diana Trilling, and Philip Rahv. In addition to maintaining their customary high critical standards, these writers minced no words on the subject of the Soviet Union. The split lasted until 1953, when Kirchwey dismissed Marshall, ostensibly (though Marshall doubted it) to reduce costs.

THE REALLY interesting question about Kirchwey and *The Nation* is why they persisted in defending the Soviet Union into the 1950s, after all other major representatives of liberalism had abandoned such a position, and when *The Nation* itself supported, at least nominally, the main anti-communist foreign policy decisions of the Truman administration. Unfortunately, Alpern does not look up from her sources long enough even to raise this question in clear-cut fashion, let alone to answer it. There was,

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after all, not much difference between the politics of *The Nation* and THE NEW REPUBLIC before the 1950s. Many of the same writers appeared regularly in both journals. Michael Straight had the same power as owner and editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC that Kirchwey had over *The Nation*; he had actually been a Communist in his youth, and in 1947 he installed Henry Wallace as editor after Wallace was fired from Truman's Cabinet for criticizing the administration's anti-Soviet initiatives. After 1950, however, Straight unambiguously associated himself with anti-communist liberal intellectuals, mostly centered in New York, whose ranks included several former *Nation* mastheaders, including Reinhold Niebuhr. Kirchwey and *The Nation* followed a different course. Kirchwey's deep commitment to the lost cause in Spain provides part of the explanation.

If not a fellow traveler herself, Kirchwey might certainly be described as a fellow traveler of fellow travelers, most of them foreigners. In 1945 she appointed the fellow-traveling former foreign minister of Spain, Julio Alvarez del Vayo, first as European editor and later as foreign editor. In a footnote, Alpern states her conclusion that Kirchwey and del Vayo were not lovers, as many of Kirchwey's relatives and old associates, impressed by her unwavering loyalty to him, believe to this day. (It was del Vayo's pro-Soviet editorials that provoked the letter from Greenberg, *The Nation*'s former art critic, leading to the libel suit against *The New Leader*.)

The ferocity of Kirchwey's anti-fascism was expressed in her demand during the war for the suppression of the pro-fascist press; this aroused criticism by the ACLU (from which she promptly resigned), from old liberal friends, and from Attorney General Francis Biddle. Kirchwey insisted that pro-fascist propaganda should not be treated as "mere dissent," but as a "clear and present danger" in no way "essentially different" from "a munitions plant." She feared that fascists were so successful in exploiting the imperfections of American democracy that the country could not afford to wait until they actually committed acts threatening national security. These arguments, ironically, scarcely differ from those employed by conservative anti-communists just a few years later. They stand in marked contrast to the "First Amendment absolutism" and the unqualified defense of civil liberties on which *The Nation* now prides itself.

ALPERN MAKES little effort to compare Kirchwey's *Nation* with its successors, though a major reason for interest in Kirchwey after so many years must be, surely, the stamp she left on the journal. A few pro-Soviet writers still appear in its pages, notably Alexander Cockburn. Anti-Soviet or anti-communist articles appear somewhat more often. Yet the journal can still be accurately classified as "anti-anti-communist" in its outlook. The equation of communism and fascism is rejected as strongly as ever; the term "totalitarian," which codifies precisely that equation, appears (if at all) in dismissive quotation marks. Yet when several editors commented on Susan Sontag's speech in 1982 that explicitly, if rather crudely, equated communism and fascism, none had even a qualified word of praise for any actual feature of the Soviet Union or other Marxist-Leninist regimes. They limited themselves to affirming the nobility of the communist or Marxist ideal, in contrast to the old days when it was customary to extol a nationalized economy as progressive notwithstanding the regrettable absence of Western-style civil liberties.

But there are discontinuities, too. Kirchwey met Chaim Weizmann in 1918, and she became both a personal friend of his and a lifelong supporter of Zionism, and later of Israel. She visited Palestine in 1946, and Israel after her retirement. "Zionism," of course, is a negative epithet in today's *Nation*; recently Gore Vidal's outrageous attack on Israel, and on American Jewish support for it, crossed the border into outright anti-Semitism. Similarly, one of Kirchwey's last projects as editor of *The Nation* was to organize and contribute to a forum on "atoms for peace," devoted to affirming the prospects for universal abundance promised by the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Such hopes, common among liberals in the 1950s, are totally alien to the anti-nuclearism of the contemporary left, including *The Nation*.

Freda Kirchwey is not quite a distant historical figure, not yet remote from contemporary issues. It is the major shortcoming of Sarah Alpern's competent biography to treat her as if she were.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong is professor of sociology at New York University.

TRB, *from page 4*

Amenemhet I, and as a camel during the early Hittite period. I myself was a serious journalist about the same time. How we laughed and reminisced! But Amenhotep made clear that, for him, nothing compares to being Pharaoh. "Don't let on, but it's the easiest job in the world," his eyes said, with what I could have sworn was a wink.

After the trauma of the past few centuries, Amenhotep is planning a well-deserved rest for the next 10,000 years or so. He will loll around his tomb and pursue his favorite hobby of staring blankly ahead. Even at age 3398, he can do this for hours at a time, outlasting far younger men such as the members of his entourage. Then, long after today's malcontents have dried into dust, or been reborn as desert beetles, he will inspire us once again with his calm invincibility, his unfashionable determination to pursue the same course century after century, and—above all—his sheer ability to survive.

Is this OK? When can I have another interview?

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

This speech indicates well how Jackson views racial groupings as more fundamental than common citizenship.

KEN MASUGI
Washington, D.C.

'FULL METAL' FLAK

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann says that *Full Metal Jacket* tells us nothing new about the Vietnam War ("Blank Cartridge," July 27). The 45-minute Parris Island drill sequence, which Kauffmann criticizes as a cliché, performs a Kubrick specialty: taking the familiar and making it strange. Unlike the drill sequences from other movies, the Marines don't turn from boys to men, grow to love their drill master, or distinguish themselves gloriously in the field. Instead they are turned by their robotic instructors into robotic killers. Kauffmann is wrong to say a recruit's "unsuitability to the Corps molders into psychosis." It's his eventual psychosis that makes him suitable. The Corps wants killers; it gets them, only here not in the way it had intended.

DENNIS BINGHAM
Columbus, Ohio

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CAPE COD DIARIST

Moby Rick

CALL ME, ISHMAEL. Or leave a message on my machine and I'll get back to you. Because I want to tell you about where I went last Sunday. It was kind of like that trip you took, in that it involved (*a*) boarding a vessel out of a picturesque port village in Massachusetts and (*b*) sailing upon the face of the deep in quest of Leviathan, as you might put it. The main differences were that I embarked at Provincetown instead of Nantucket; that instead of Queequeg, Starbuck, and that monomaniac peg leg Ahab, my shipmates were a half-dozen naturalists from the Center for Coastal Studies and about 50 camera-festooned tourists in plaid Bermudas and Reeboks; that our ship was provisioned with chili dogs and Cokes instead of salt pork and rum; that the journey took ten hours instead of three years; and that instead of harpooning the whales with tempered steel we just looked at them. But from the awesomeness-of-nature angle, the voyage of the Dolphin VII was not that different from the Pequod's. Really, you'd have been right at home.

WHALE WATCHING is a chancy business, because the whales are not on staff. They do as they like and go where they please. Two summers ago the humpbacks, which are the best whales to watch because they are the most frolicsome, chose to congregate just north of the Cape. Even on a four-hour trip like those that depart Provincetown every hour of every day, one could be fairly sure of seeing dozens of them. This year most of the humpbacks have moved farther off, to Georges Bank, 30 miles to the southeast. The short trips are still worthwhile—I took one early in the week and saw three finback whales, including a mother and calf, plus a lone humpback. But I wanted more.

THE DOLPHIN VII, like all the Dolphin Fleet whale-watching boats that operate out of Provincetown, is a specially built ocean-going craft, 100 feet long. It has blue plastic benches and a smelly, noisy diesel engine, but if you stand at the bow the breeze is fresh, the noise minimal, and the swell pleasantly bouncy. Less than two hours into the trip, with the dunes of Truro still plainly visible, we saw our first whale spout in the distance, the spray rounded like a tree made of dissolving blue mist. As we bore down on the whale, he spouted twice more, then flicked his handsome tail in the air and was gone. Five minutes later he resurfaced, perhaps 80 yards from the boat; and this time, drifting with the engines banked, we could hear his spout as well as see it, a deep rumbling whoosh.

THE PATTERN continued throughout the day, as whale by whale we drew nearer to Georges Bank. The whales grew exponentially more numerous as we sailed on. Once I saw a pair of tuna, darting synchronically from the water like extras in a water ballet; twice I saw gliding sharks, or rather their ominous, jet-black, triangular fins; and, 65 times (I wasn't counting, but the naturalists were), we saw whales. Three of them were minke whales, a dozen were finbacks, and 50 were humpbacks. The minkes were shy and frisky and small, and kept their distance. The finbacks were shy and dignified and huge (they are the second largest creature on earth, after the blue whale); only a little of their shiny black backs broke the surface, the flatness of the curve suggesting the prodigious bulk beneath. The humpbacks were big and sometimes boisterous.

AT GEORGES BANK as many as eight humpbacks would surround the boat at once. The whales showed no fear. Sometimes they swam slowly at the surface; sometimes they merely floated, apparently dozing between sonorous blows. Then, perhaps emboldened by their numbers and our proximity, they began to cavort. One of them rolled slowly on his side, the better to fix us with his eye, an orb the size of a baseball a third of the way down the length of his body, just in front of his side flipper. The whale was 45 feet long. His flipper was 15 feet long, and now he raised it full out of the water and brought it swiftly back with a smack. Astonishing sight, astonishing sound! A bit farther off, one of his companions raised his tail, and—but draw back a bit, and let Melville describe it: "[U]nbent from the vast corpulence of his dignity, and kitten-like, [the whale] plays on the ocean as if it were a hearth. But still you see the power in his play. The broad palms of his tail are flirted high into the air; then smiting the surface, the thunderous concussion rebounds for miles. . . . Excepting the sublime *breach*—somewhere else to be described—this peaking of the whale's flukes is perhaps the grandest sight to be seen in all animated nature." Nor did we have to wait long for the sublime breach. Some 50 yards away, a whale shot into the air, exuberantly twisted his full exposed length sideways, and, as if in slow motion, settled back upon the water with a mighty crash.

I WAS STANDING in the very front of the bowsprit, a tongue of metal that juts out from the boat. From there I could peer straight down into the water, so clear and calm that I could see 20 or 30 feet below the surface. I was then treated to the most majestic sight of all: with great deliberation, a whale swam slowly across the bow of the ship, directly below my eyes. In the transparent water I could see his whole body. Under his gray-black back, his belly shimmered a dappled, whitish gray-green. He was as big as a 16-wheel tractor-trailer and as graceful as Fred Astaire. Then, breaking the surface a few yards from the bow, he let loose with a great blow, drenching us all in whale-mist. This was beyond the experience even of Melville's Ishmael, who reports, at second hand, that the whale's exhalation is foul and acrid. But my whale's breath was mild and odorless. As the ship turned to make for port, I felt damp but happy, and much moved.

PORTENTOUSNESS is the pitfall of whale writing. Melville recognized this, joking in Chapter 104 of *Moby Dick* that he quarried his grandiloquent cetological vocabulary from a huge folio edition of Johnson, because the bulk of both lexicon and lexicographer made that dictionary especially suitable to the purpose. In the late '80s, earnestness about such whole-grain causes as whale preservation is unfashionable to the point of embarrassment. Even in '60s-throwback P-town, SAVE THE WHALES bumper stickers are less common than NUKE A GAY WHALE FOR CHRIST ones, which make the same point (and a couple of others) with a layer of self-protective jokiness. Nevertheless: save the whales.

H. H.

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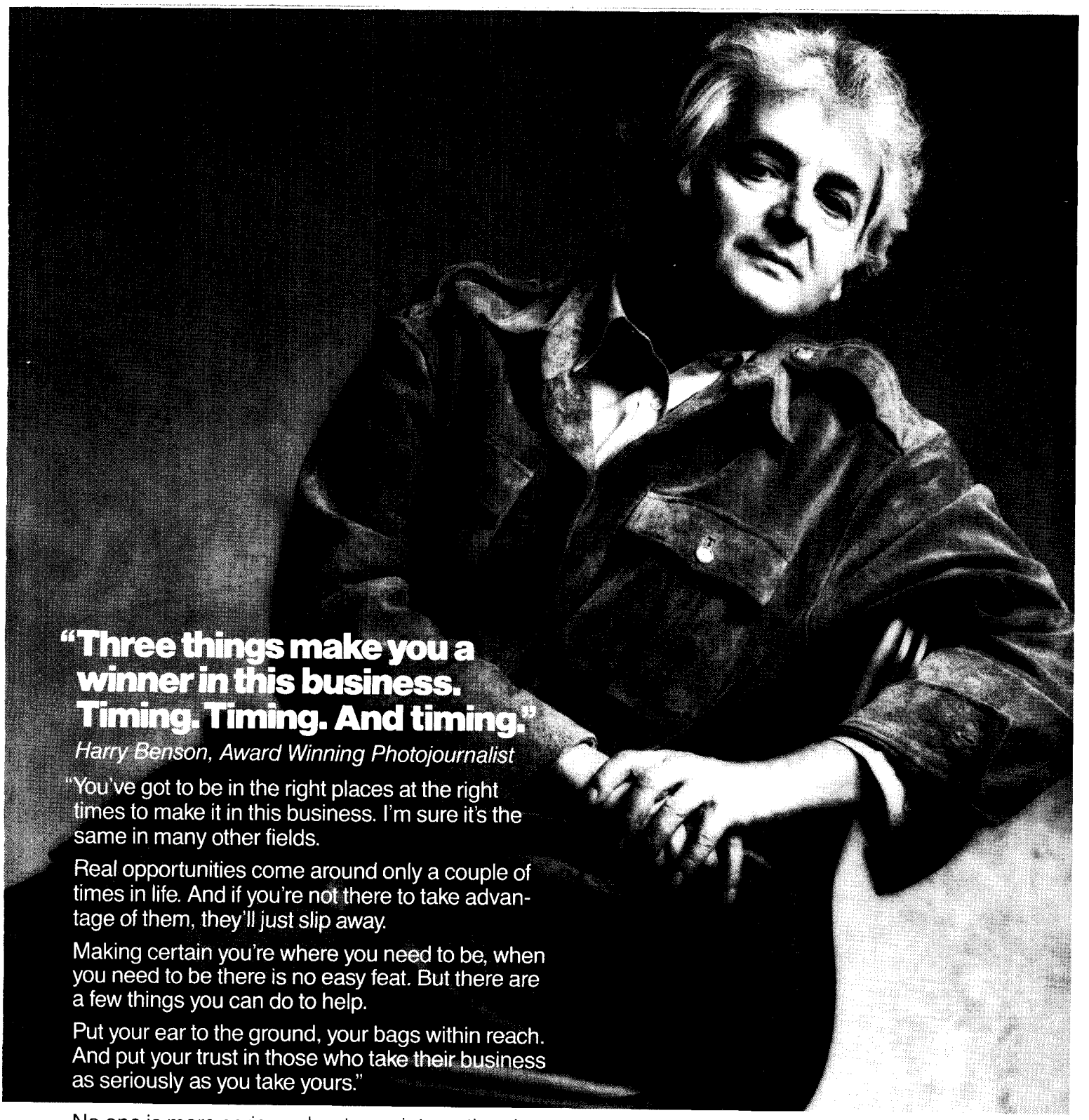
"Three things make you a winner in this business. Timing. Timing. And timing."
Harry Benson, Award Winning Photojournalist
"You've got to be in the right places at the right times to make it in this business. I'm sure it's the same in many other fields.
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